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ORIGINAL POETRY.

AN INVITATION TO ELIZA.

WHEN day hath sunk behind yon hill,
And all is calm, serene, and still,
Above, below, on earth, or sky,
Save Philomela's melody,

O, come to me.

When night's pale mistress, chaste and fair,
Glides swiftly through the azure air,
And throws upon the rippled stream
Soft gliding by, her dancing beam,

Then hither flee.

And where the willow sombrous steeps
Its tendrils in the wave and weeps,

I'll tell my tale of truest love,
And join the night bird of the grove,
In praise of thee.

Then come, and to my throbbing breast,
Responsive let thine own be prest—
O come, and listen to the sigh
Of one ne'er happy but when nigh,
Sweet girl, to thee.

And while within my clasping arms,
I gaze enraptur'd on thy charms,
Imprinting on thy lips a kiss,
I'll speak the "measure" of my bliss,
My ecstasy!

THE LASS OF BANCHORIE.

THE heather bell it bloomit fair,
And featly waved aboon the Dee;
The heather bell shall bloom nae mair—
Its sweets are wallowit on the lea.

My ain true luve was winsome and gay,
And bonnie and sheen as the sun at noon:
My true luve will nae more be sae—
The lang grass whistles her corse aboon.

Banchorie's fairest flower is gaen!
She sleeps beneath yon willow tree:
And slumber wi' her, ilka ane,
The joys whilk budded ance for me.

Nae mair wi' canty heart I ride
The muir, the glen, and the braid heath ower,
And blithely prove what fae daur bride—
The welcome keen o' a Scot's claymore.

The sparkling e'e that my welcome sang,
The heart sae couthie she prest me tee,
The tongue that sae sweetly my stay ca'd lang—
O they slumber beneath the willow tree.

The hand that softly smoothed my bree,
The pouting lip that a kiss wad hae,
The looks sae fond that were a' to me—
Nae mair shall sweetly my toils repay.

My claymore I unbelt, and my basnet unbrace,
And a' the glories o' war forswear;
I sought my reward in my Marian's face—
It yields it not now, and I seek't nae mair.

Below, my Marian,—hush thee, my maiden—
Soft and sweet may thy slumbers be!
I the'e'en come hither, with fresh flowers laden,
And strew them under the willow tree.

SONG.

OH! may I not, may I not tell thee
What I never can hide from thee long;
In my tale there is nought that can spell thee,
To say or do any thing wrong.
For I'll speak but of hearts twined together,
Like a couple, like a couple of young trees,
That between them in life's wildest weather,
Joy may revel, joy may revel, safe at ease.

Then may I not, &c.

Yet I'll mind thee, too—glances like thine,
Ever roving thus o'er the bright sky,
As in search of some lover divine,
Would be wiser if pointed less high.
And man, though a rude ark he be,
Hath a treasure, hath a treasure in his breast,
Which if once he can make woman see,
Oh! she'll have it, oh! she'll have it ere she rest.
Then may I not, &c.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

JUST COME TO TOWN.

“**A** LACK a-day,” exclaimed aunt Deborah, on throwing down the newspaper, which she had been reading, “what will folks come to at last? I declare, my poor brain is all in a whirly-gig at the number of advertisements that are here before me; why there’s not such a thing as an old woman to be met with in London. I’ve made a pretty kettle of fish of my matters; all my clothes, bought only two or three years ago, are antiquated. I am told that I must not wear an article of my wardrobe; my jewels must be reset, my hair must be hidden, my eye-brows must be coloured, and I must be wholly transmogrified, and all this to please my two giddy nieces, who look to inheriting my fortune, and who say that they would be ashamed of me if I went out as discreetly and respectably dressed as I used to do when I visited our neighbour the rich squire, or the mayor of our county town. Then again, how to choose amongst all these ornaments for the person, and these infallible cures for old age? Here (putting on her spectacles and taking up the paper) here we have a Kalydor, the meaning of which I don’t understand, which is to beautify the plainest face, there a bloom to restore the spring tint to features, of which autumn had long ago taken leave. In another long advertisement we find oils to make a plentiful crop grow upon a sterile forehead, and bear’s grease to produce hair where gone ever grew before. One puff assures us that a single dose of some revivifying cordial will impart the spark of youth to old age; another challenges all the world to make a wig like what the advertiser recommends to the public; here a whole column explains the nature of a dye, which will impart the fine jet hue of the raven to an iron-gray grandmother; there something brief, but impressive, en-

courages an old maid with spare locks, greasy and straight as a pound of candles, to try Mr. Superexcellent’s curling fluid, which will bestow on her nut-brown curls as thick and well formed as those of her poodle dog; self-adjusting corsets invite on one hand; a more improved model of stays invite on the other; the one is to combine ease and proportion; and to give ease to stiff rheumatism and deformity; the other is to supply the deficiencies of nature, and to convert the straits of Toolong* into the harbour of breast, changing a thin neck of mutton to the plump bosom of a pigeon; then again, Circassian dews, and Bayadere tooth powders, vegetable teeth, and ivory imperceptibles, induce those whom age, accident, or decrepitude, has deprived of their grinders, or whose breath is not that of the violet, to empty their purses in order to be able to *smile in spite of their teeth*, and to sigh out spicy gales under the noses of admiring *beaux*. Every grandam expects now to be a Minor de L’Enclos, as the respectable powdered gentlemen of old times now vapour about in auburn *peruques*, cosacks, and whale-boned body clothes. Alas! alas! our youth is now too experienced, and old age is no longer reverend and honourable.” Thus spoke aunt Deborah, when the French dress-maker appeared with a variety of dresses for her use. “Oh law,” cried the old lady, “I should be starved with cold in that spider-web concern, with a taffetas slip under it, why it is only fit for a girl of thirteen; frocks and slips indeed for the wrong side of sixty!” “Oh! milady, dat’s nutting,” replied Mademoiselle. “Nutting indeed; why this is a mere net to catch butterflies in.” “Very well, catch what you like.” “Yes, catch and catch can,” said aunty; “but surely my madcap nieces must have sent me this in order to laugh at me,

* Toulon, perhaps the old lady meant.

by making me ridiculous : how different from my silk or satin modest gown, with a turban for my hair, and a dust of powder to give a grave respectable air." Ha, ha, ha ! ha, ha, ha ! (the door opens, and Isabella and Grace come in). "Mademoiselle, ban jaur, (in indifferent French) don't listen to my aunt—aunty, you must be dressed like a Christian." Aunty. "Well I think this masquerade affair (holding up the dress) is a great deal more like the dress of a Pagan." (Dress Maker) "Well, ma'am, dat it is, from a fine Grecian model." (Aunt) "Well, but then what is all this in front?" "*c'est bien garni*," well garnished. "Yes, but I cannot expose my chest thus." "Chist, oh ! never mind ; you open your *chist* for me, and me open your *chist* for you ; (loud applause at this stale joke) but here come some French gloves and silk shoes." Here poor aunt Deborah murmured out ; "the gloves are cheap and soft, but I have already burst three pair ; and as for the shoes, they pinch me to death for five minutes, and wear out at the sides in an hour ; they will only serve for a night." (Niece Grace.) "Law, aunty, a night ! to be sure, all people of fashion wear out three hundred and sixty-five pair of shoes, and as many pair of gloves in a year : silk stockings should never be washed but once, and a light gossamor net dress, with a silk slip, is abominable after two balls." "Mercy !" ejaculated my aunt, "pray what is to become of my silks and satins ? My damasks you have long since disposed of for chair seats." (Both nieces together.) "Why the rose-colour will cut up for shoes, the black will serve for a work-bag, the green will make shades for the lamp, and all the others will do for a bed for Napoleon, the poodle ; but pray look to your engagements : a fancy ball at a Lady's, whose name we never knew until yesterday,—Mrs. Sydenham's "at home," our county member's dinner party, the Countess Fleury's opening of her house, a stupid concert at our banker's, and the opera, play, Vauxhall, and private theatricals to attend, all that in six

days ; then we must make a magnificent return." "I wish it was a return to the country sadly," said the aunt ; "but all this work must be got through, since you have dragged me from the country, because it is necessary that you should enter into life just as I am thinking of leaving it." "*Vaus plaisantez matante*," answered Grace ; "you are only just seeing the world ; who knows but you may get a sweetheart yet, ha, ha, ha." Aunt Deborah smiled at the word sweetheart, but it was followed by a deep groan at the expence, just as the distant thunder murmurs as the sudden refulgence flashes through a cloud. Now aunty was persuaded to take a lesson of *décarte*, and to play guinea points at whist, and was drawn upon for a ballet master to perfect the Misses in quadrilles and waltzes, and to pay for chalking the floor for a magnificent return ; she was also (not *like-wise*) prevailed upon to invite a hungry Lancer to dine daily *en famille*, and to tolerate a half-pay captain of infantry to attend her every where, and to laugh at her over his left shoulder. Pride occasionally triumphed in her *entré* amongst high titles and splendid circles, and partial affection at times repaid her for her vigils, and losses at play, from witnessing the admiration bestowed on her nieces, and what she deemed their growing celebrity ; but moments of cool reflection would as often engross her mind, and destroy all her brief enjoyment. Languid and fatigued with what the giddy call pleasure, and fevered after a morning sleep, she would not unfrequently unload her trunks, her boxes, and her carriage seats, to sigh over a huge mountain of articles of wearing apparel, presenting an account of money unprofitably sunk, and of articles now prohibited, as it were, by the veto of fashion ; here was a rich silk robe, the form of which was quite superannuated : there a black satin dress, trimmed with bugles, which had figured at an election ball, but which was now too short in the waist, and equally unfashionable in other points ; another dress had faded ; a third (a white one) had acquired a cream-

coloured hue from lying by ; a fourth was too tight and too short, in consequence of aunty's having grown a little larger than when it was first made tight enough to sew her up in it ; a fifth (trimmed with sable) had been attacked by moths ; a sixth was spoiled by Grace's throwing *eau de Cologne* over it, one was *country* made ; and another was promised by my niece to her lady's maid ; laces had lost their colour, patterns were not of vogue ; thus was all her former ornaments come to nothing ; thus, in a few weeks, was all the matron-like respectability of a worthy country gentlewoman brought down to the standard of drawing-room lumber, and confounded with a legion of old fantwinking faded coquettes, who outlive admiration, pass by consideration and esteem, and infest the theatres and gaudy apartments of the fashionable world. Nor was this the worst ; if her *coming to town* was so fraught with trouble and vexation, her quitting it was still more serious and perplexing. Her coffers were drained from the ruinous expense of six weeks in town ; her niece Grace had run away with the Lancer, whose fortune had long since been spent, and Isabella had lost her character by flirting it away with a married man. Aunt Deborah was blamed for all this,

laughed at in town, and pitied in the country. On her return she brought down with her a variety of fashions, which induced her female neighbours to borrow them of her ; but instead of the welcome and admiration which she anticipated, her *charitable* acquaintances and her faithful waiting woman brought her back all the *kind* expressions of the ladies of the neighbourhood, such as "a beautiful *gros de Naples* indeed, and exquisitely made, but what a caricature must aunt Deborah be in such a juvenile habit ! This frock and slip are admirable, but what an old fool must our neighbour be to venture on wearing such a dress ! Poor thing, her old noddle must be turned ere she could have been persuaded to make herself thus ridiculous." So much for the tittle-tattle behind her back, the conversation in her presence was little less annoying ; "Poor Grace !" was an object of insulting commiseration to half her acquaintance ; whilst her other niece was the theme of village scandal. One niece accompanied her husband to the rules of the King's Bench, the other run away with a recruiting officer, aunt Deborah shut her door against every one, turned Methodist, and thus ended "*the Journey to London.*"

THE BELATED TRAVELLERS.

BY GEOFFREY CRAYON.

[Not yet published in the American edition of "The Tales of a Traveller."]

IT was late one evening that a carriage, drawn by mules, slowly toiled its way up one of the passes of the Appenines. It was through one of the wildest defiles, where a hamlet occurred only at distant intervals, perched on the summit of some rocky height, or the white towers of a convent peeped out from among the thick mountain foliage. The carriage was of ancient and ponderous construction. Its faded embellishments spoke of former splendour, but its crazy springs and axletrees creaked out the tale of present decline. Within was seated a tall, thin old gentle-

man, in a kind of military travelling-dress, and a foraging cap trimmed with fur, though the gray locks which stole from under it hinted that his fighting days were over. Beside him was a pale, beautiful girl of eighteen, dressed in something of a northern or Polish costume. One servant was seated in front, a rusty, crusty-looking fellow, with a scar across his face ; an orange-tawney *schnur-bart*, or pair of mustachios, bristling from under his nose, and altogether the air of an old soldier.

It was, in fact, the equipage of a Polish nobleman ; a wreck of one of

those princely families which had lived with almost oriental magnificence, but had been broken down and impoverished by the disasters of Poland. The Count, like many other generous spirits, had been found guilty of the crime of patriotism, and was, in a manner, an exile from his country. He had resided for some time in the first cities of Italy, for the education of his daughter, in whom all his cares and pleasures were now centred. He had taken her into society, where her beauty and her accomplishments had gained her many admirers; and had she not been the daughter of a poor broken-down Polish nobleman, it is more than probable that many would have contended for her hand. Suddenly, however, her health had become delicate and drooping; her gaiety fled with the roses of her cheek, and she sunk into silence and debility. The old Count saw the change with the solicitude of a parent. "We must try a change of air and scene," said he; and in a few days the old family carriage was rumbling among the Appenines.

Their only attendant was the veteran Caspar, who had been born in the family, and grown rusty in its service. He had followed his master in all his fortunes; had fought by his side; had stood over him when fallen in battle; and had received, in his defence, the sabre-cut which added such grimness to his countenance. He was now his valet, his steward, his butler, his factotum. The only being that rivalled his master in his affections was his youthful mistress; she had grown up under his eye. He had led her by the hand when she was a child, and he now looked upon her with the fondness of a parent; nay, he even took the freedom of a parent in giving his blunt opinion on all matters which he thought were for her good; and felt a parent's vanity in seeing her gazed at and admired.

The evening was thickening: they had been for some time passing through narrow gorges of the mountains, along the edge of a tumbling stream. The scenery was lonely and savage. The rocks often beetled

over the road, with flocks of white goats browsing on their brinks, and gazing down upon the travellers. They had between two and three leagues yet to go before they could reach any village; yet the muleteer, Pietro, a tippling old fellow, who had refreshed himself at the last halting-place with a more than ordinary quantity of wine, sat singing and talking alternately to his mules, and suffering them to lag on at a snail's pace, in spite of the frequent entreaties of the Count and maledictions of Caspar.

The clouds began to roll in heavy masses among the mountains, shrouding their summits from the view. The air of these heights, too, was damp and chilly. The Count's solicitude on his daughter's account overcame his usual patience. He leaned from the carriage, and called to old Pietro in an angry tone.

"Forward!" said he. "It will be midnight before we arrive at our inn."

"Yonder it is, Signior," said the muleteer.

"Where?" demanded the Count.

"Yonder," said Pietro, pointing to a desolate pile of buildings about a quarter of a league distant.

"That the place?—why, it looks more like a ruin than an inn. I thought we were to put up for the night at a comfortable village."

Here Pietro uttered a string of piteous exclamations and ejaculations, such as are ever at the tip of the tongue of a delinquent muleteer. "Such roads! and such mountains! and then his poor animals were way-worn, and leg-weary; they would fall lame; they would never be able to reach the village. And then what could his Excellenza wish for better than the inn; a perfect castello—a piazza—and such people!—and such a larder!—and such beds!—His Excellenza might fare as sumptuously and sleep as soundly there as a prince!"

The Count was easily persuaded, for he was anxious to get his daughter out of the night air; so in a little while the old carriage rattled and jingled into the great gateway of the inn.

The building did certainly in some measure answer to the muleteer's description. It was large enough for either castle or palazza ; built in a strong, but simple and almost rude style ; with a great quantity of waste room. It had, in fact, been, in former times, a hunting-seat for one of the Italian princes. There was space enough within its walls and in its out-buildings to have accommodated a little army.

A scanty household seemed now to people this dreary mansion. The faces that presented themselves on the arrival of the travellers were begrimed with dirt, and scowling in their expression. They all knew old Pietro, however, and gave him a welcome as he entered, singing and talking, and almost whooping, into the gateway.

The hostess of the inn waited herself on the Count and his daughter, to show them the apartments. They were conducted through a long gloomy corridor, and then through a suite of chambers opening into each other, with lofty ceilings, and great beams extending across them. Every thing, however, had a wretched, squalid look. The walls were damp and bare, excepting that here and there hung some great painting, large enough for a chapel, and blackened out of all distinctness.

They chose two bed-rooms, one within another ; the inner one for the daughter. The bedsteads were massive and mishapen ; but on examining the beds, so vaunted by old Pietro, they found them stuffed with fibres of hemp, knotted in great lumps. The Count shrugged his shoulders, but there was no choice left.

The chilliness of the apartments crept to their bones ; and they were glad to return to a common chamber, or kind of hall, where there was a fire burning in a huge cavern, miscalled a chimney. A quantity of green wood had just been thrown on, which puffed out volumes of smoke. The room corresponded to the rest of the mansion. The floor was paved and dirty. A great oaken table stood in the centre, immovable from its size and weight.

The only thing that contradicted this prevalent air of indigence was the dress of the hostess. She was a slattern of course ; yet her garments, though dirty and negligent, were of costly materials. She wore several rings of great value on her fingers, and jewels in her ears, and round her neck was a string of large pearls, to which was attached a sparkling crucifix. She had the remains of beauty ; yet there was something in the expression of her countenance that inspired the young lady with singular aversion. She was officious and obsequious in her attentions, and both the Count and his daughter were relieved when she consigned them to the care of a dark, sullen-looking servant-maid, and went off to superintend the supper.

Caspar was indignant at the muleteer for having, either through negligence or design, subjected his master and mistress to such quarters ; and vowed by his mustachios to have revenge on the old varlet the moment they were safe out from among the mountains. He kept up a continual quarrel with the sulky servant-maid, which only served to increase the sinister expression with which she regarded the travellers, from under her strong dark eye-brows.

As to the Count, he was a good-humoured, passive traveller. Perhaps real misfortunes had subdued his spirit, and rendered him tolerant of many of those petty evils which make prosperous men miserable. He drew a large, broken arm-chair to the fire-side for his daughter, and another to himself, and seizing an enormous pair of tongs, endeavoured to re-arrange the wood so as to produce a blaze. His efforts, however, were only repaid by thicker puffs of smoke, which almost overcame the good gentleman's patience. He would draw back, cast a look upon his delicate daughter, then upon the cheerless, squalid apartment, and shrugging his shoulders, would give a fresh stir to the fire.

Of all the miseries of a comfortless inn, however, there is none greater than sulky attendance : the good

Count for some time bore the smoke in silence, rather than address himself to the scowling servant-maid. At length he was compelled to beg for drier fire-wood. The woman retired muttering. On re-entering the room hastily, with an armful of faggots, her foot slipped; she fell, and striking her head against the corner of a chair, cut her temple severely. The blow stunned her for a time, and the wound bled profusely. When she recovered, she found the Count's daughter administering to her wound, and binding it up with her own handkerchief. It was such an attention as any woman of ordinary feeling would have yielded; but perhaps there was something in the appearance of the lovely being who bent over her, or in the tones of her voice, that touched the heart of the woman, unused to be ministered to by such hands. Certain it is, she was strongly affected. She caught the delicate hand of the Polonaise, and pressed it fervently to her lips:

"May San Francesco watch over you, Signora?" exclaimed she.

A new arrival broke the stillness of the inn. It was a Spanish princess with a numerous retinue. The courtyard was in an uproar; the house in a bustle; the landlady hurried to attend such distinguished guests; and the poor Count and his daughter, and their supper, were for the moment forgotten. The veteran Caspar muttered Polish maledictions enough to agonize an Italian ear; but it was impossible to convince the hostess of the superiority of his old master and young mistress to the whole nobility of Spain.

The noise of the arrival had attracted the daughter to the window just as the new-comers had alighted. A young cavalier sprang out of the carriage, and handed out the princess. The latter was a little shrivelled old lady, with a face of parchment, and a sparkling black eye; she was richly and gaily dressed, and walked with the assistance of a gold-headed cane as high as herself. The young man was tall and elegantly formed. The Count's daughter shrunk back at sight

of him, though the deep frame of the window screened her from observation. She gave a heavy sigh as she closed the casement. What that sigh meant I cannot say. Perhaps it was at the contrast between the splendid equipage of the princess, and the crazy, rheumatic-looking old vehicle of her father, which stood hard by. Whatever might be the reason, the young lady closed the casement with a sigh. She returned to her chair;—a slight shivering passed over her delicate frame; she leaned her elbow on the arm of the chair; rested her pale cheek in the palm of her hand, and looked mournfully into the fire.

The Count thought she appeared paler than usual.—

"Does any thing ail thee, my child?" said he.

"Nothing, dear father!" replied she, laying her hand within his, and looking up smiling in his face; but as she said so, a treacherous tear rose suddenly to her eye, and she turned away her head.

"The air of the window has chilled thee," said the Count fondly, "but a good night's rest will make all well again."

The supper-table was at length laid, and the supper about to be served, when the hostess appeared, with her usual obsequiousness, apologizing for showing in the new-comers; but the night air was cold, and there was no other chamber in the inn with a fire in it.—She had scarcely made the apology when the Princess entered, leaning on the arm of the elegant young man.

The Count immediately recognized her for a lady whom he had met frequently in society both at Rome and Naples; and at whose conversazione, in fact, he had constantly been invited. The cavalier, too, was her nephew and heir, who had been greatly admired in the gay circles both for his merits and prospects and who had once been on a visit at the same time with his daughter and himself at the villa of a nobleman near Naples. Report had recently affianced him to a rich Spanish heiress.

The meeting was agreeable to both

the Count and the Princess. The former was a gentleman of the old school, courteous in the extreme ; the Princess had been a belle in her youth, and a woman of fashion all her life, and likely to be attended to.

The young man approached the daughter and began something of a complimentary observation ; but his manner was embarrassed, and his compliment ended in an indistinct murmur, while the daughter bowed without looking up, moved her lips without articulating a word, and sunk again into her chair, where she sat gazing into the fire, with a thousand varying expressions passing over her countenance.

The singular greeting of the young people was not perceived by the old ones, who were occupied at the time with their own courteous salutations. It was arranged that they should sup together ; and as the Princess travelled with her own cook, a very tolerable supper soon smoked upon the board : this, too, was assisted by choice wines, and liqueurs, and delicate comfitures brought from one of her carriages ; for she was a veteran epicure, and curious in her relish for the good things of this world. She was, in fact, a vivacious little old lady, who mingled the woman of dissipation with the devotee. She was actually on her way to Loretto to expiate a long life of gallantries and peccadilloes by a rich offering at the holy shrine. She was, to be sure, rather a luxuriant penitent, and a contrast to the primitive pilgrims, with scrip, and staff, and cockleshell ; but then it would be unreasonable to expect such denial from people of fashion ; and there was not a doubt of the ample efficacy of the rich crucifixes, and golden vessels, and jewelled ornaments, which she was bearing to the treasury of the blessed Virgin.

The Princess and the Count chatted much during supper about the scenes and society in which they had mingled, and did not notice that they had all the conversation to themselves : the young people were silent and constrained. The daughter ate nothing, in spite of the politeness of the Prin-

cess, who continually pressed her to taste of one or other of the delicacies. The Count shook his head :

"She is not well this evening," said he. "I thought she would have fainted just now as she was looking out of the window at your carriage on its arrival."

A crimson glow flushed to the very temples of the daughter ; but she leaned over her plate, and her tresses cast a shade over her countenance.

When supper was over, they drew their chairs about the great fireplace. The flame and smoke had subsided, and a heap of glowing embers diffused a grateful warmth. A guitar, which had been brought from the Count's carriage, leaned against the wall ; the Princess perceived it : "Can we not have a little music before parting for the night ?" demanded she.

The Count was proud of his daughter's accomplishment, and joined in the request. The young man made an effort of politeness, and taking up the guitar presented it, though in an embarrassed manner, to the fair musician. She would have declined it, but was too much confused to do so ; indeed, she was so nervous and agitated, that she dared not trust her voice to make an excuse. She touched the instrument with a faltering hand, and, after precluding a little, accompanied herself in several Polish airs. Her father's eyes glistened as he sat gazing on her. Even the crusty Caspar lingered in the room, partly through a fondness for the music of his native country, and chiefly through his pride in the musician. Indeed, the melody of the voice, and the delicacy of the touch, were enough to have charmed more fastidious ears. The little Princess nodded her head and tapped her hand to the music, though exceedingly out of time ; while the nephew sat buried in profound contemplation of a black picture on the opposite wall.

"And now," said the Count, patting her cheek fondly, "one more favour. Let the princess hear that little Spanish air you were so fond of. You can't think," added he, "what a proficiency she made in your lan-

guage ; though she has been a sad girl and neglected it of late."

The colour flushed the pale cheek of the daughter ; she hesitated, murmured something ; but with sudden effort collected herself, struck the guitar boldly, and began. It was a Spanish romance, with something of love and melancholy in it. She gave the first stanza with great expression, for the tremulous, melting tones of her voice went to the heart ; but her articulation failed, her lip quivered, the song died away, and she burst into tears.

The Count folded her tenderly in his arms. "Thou art not well, my child," said he, "and I am tasking thee cruelly. Retire to thy chamber, and God bless thee !" She bowed to the company without raising her eyes, and glided out of the room.

The Count shook his head as the door closed. "Something is the matter with that child," said he, "which I cannot divine. She has lost all health and spirits lately. She was always a tender flower, and I had much pains to rear her. Excuse a father's foolishness," continued he, "but I have seen much trouble in my family ; and this poor girl is all that is now left to me : and she used to be so lively—"

"May be she's in love !" said the little Princess, with a shrewd nod of the head.

"Impossible !" replied the good Count artlessly. "She has never mentioned a word of such a thing to me."

How little did the worthy gentleman dream of the thousand cares, and griefs, and mighty love concerns which agitate a virgin heart, and which a timid girl scarce breathes unto herself.

The nephew of the Princess rose abruptly and walked about the room.

When she found herself alone in her chamber, the feelings of the young lady, so long restrained, broke forth with violence. She opened the casement, that the cool air might blow upon her throbbing temples. Perhaps there was some little pride or pique mingled with her emotions ;

though her gentle nature did not seem calculated to harbour any such angry inmate.

"He saw me weep !" said she, with a sudden mantling of the cheek, and a swelling of the throat,—"*but no matter !—no matter !*"

And so saying, she threw her white arms across the window-frame, buried her face in them, and abandoned herself to an agony of tears. She remained lost in a reverie, until the sound of her father's and Caspar's voices in the adjoining room gave token that the party had retired for the night. The lights gleaming from window to window, showed that they were conducting the Princess to her apartment, which was in the opposite wing of the inn ; and she distinctly saw the figure of the nephew as he passed one of the casements.

She heaved a deep heart-drawn sigh, and was about to close the lattice, when her attention was caught by words spoken below her window by two persons who had just turned an angle of the building.

"But what will become of the poor young lady ?" said a voice which she recognized for that of the servant-woman.

"Pooh ! she must take her chance," was the reply from old Pietro.

"But cannot she be spared ?" asked the other entreatingly ; "she is so kind-hearted !"

"Cospetto ! what has got into thee ?" replied the other petulantly ; "would you mar the whole business for the sake of a silly girl ?" By this time they had got so far from the window that the Polonaise could hear nothing further.

There was something in this fragment of conversation that was calculated to alarm. Did it relate to herself ?—and if so, what was this impending danger from which it was entreated that she might be spared ? She was several times on the point of tapping at her father's door, to tell him what she had heard ; but she might have been mistaken ; she might have heard indistinctly ; the conversation might have alluded to some one

else ; at any rate it was too indefinite to lead to any conclusion. While in this state of irresolution, she was startled by a low knocking against the wainscot in a remote part of her gloomy chamber. On holding up the light, she beheld a small door there, which she had not before remarked. It was bolted on the inside. She advanced, and demanded who knocked, and was answered in the voice of the female domestick. On opening the door, the woman stood before it pale and agitated. She entered softly, laying her finger on her lips in sign of caution and secrecy.

"Fly !" said she : "leave this house instantly, or you are lost !"

The young lady, trembling with alarm, demanded an explanation.

"I have no time," replied the woman, "I dare not—I shall be missed if I linger here—but fly instantly, or you are lost."

"And leave my father ?"

"Where is he ?"

"In the adjoining chamber."

"Call him, then, but lose no time."

The young lady knocked at her father's door. He was not yet retired to bed. She hurried into his room, and told him of the fearful warning she had received. The Count returned with her into her chamber, followed by Caspar. His questions soon drew the truth out of the embarrassed answers of the woman. The inn was beset by robbers. They were to be introduced after midnight, when the attendants of the Princess and the rest of the travellers were sleeping, and would be an easy prey.

"But we can barricade the inn, we can defend ourselves," said the Count.

"What ! when the people of the inn are in league with the banditti ?"

"How then are we to escape ? Can we not order out the carriage and depart ?"

"San Francisco ! for what ? To give the alarm that the plot is discovered ? That would make the robbers desperate, and bring them on you at once. They have had notice of the rich booty in the inn, and will not easily let it escape them."

"But how else are we to get off ?"

"There is a horse behind the inn," said the woman, "from which the man has just dismounted who has been to summon the aid of a part of the band who were at a distance."

"One horse ! and there are three of us !" said the Count.

"And the Spanish Princess !" cried the daughter anxiously—"How can she be extricated from the danger ?"

"Diavolo ! what is she to me ?" said the woman in sudden passion. "It is *you* I come to save, and you will betray me and we shall all be lost ! Hark !" continued she, "I am called—I shall be discovered—one word more. This door leads by a staircase to the court-yard. Under the shed, in the rear of the yard, is a small door leading out to the fields. You will find a horse there ; mount it ; make a circuit under the shadow of a ridge of rocks that you will see ; proceed cautiously and quietly until you cross a brook, and find yourself on the road just where there are three white crosses nailed against a tree ; then put your horse to his speed, and make the best of your way to the village—but recollect, my life is in your hands—say nothing of what you have heard or seen, whatever may happen at this inn."

The woman hurried away. A short and agitated consultation took place between the Count, his daughter, and the veteran Caspar. The young lady seemed to have lost all apprehension for herself in her solicitude for the safety of the Princess. "To fly in selfish silence, and leave her to be massacred !"—A shuddering seized her at the very thought. The gallantry of the Count, too, revolted at the idea. He could not consent to turn his back upon a party of helpless travellers, and leave them in ignorance of the danger which hung over them.

"But what is to become of the young lady," said Caspar, "if the alarm is given, and the inn thrown in a tumult ? What may happen to her in a chance-medley affray ?"

Here the feelings of the father were roused ; he looked upon the lovely, helpless child, and trembled at the

chance of her falling into the hands of ruffians.

The daughter, however, thought nothing of herself. "The Princess! the Princess!—only let the Princess know her danger.—She was willing to share it with her."

At length Caspar interfered with the zeal of a faithful old servant. No time was to be lost—the first thing was to get the young lady out of danger. "Mount the horse," said he to the Count, "take her behind you, and fly! Make for the village, rouse the inhabitants, and send assistance. Leave me here to give the alarm to the Princess and her people. I am an old soldier, and I think we shall be able to stand siege until you send us aid."

The daughter would again have insisted on staying with the Princess—

"For what?" said old Caspar bluntly, "You could do no good—You would be in the way—We should have to take care of you instead of ourselves."

There was no answering these objections: the Count seized his pistols, and taking his daughter under his arm, moved towards the staircase. The young lady paused, stepped back, and said, faltering with agitation—"There is a young cavalier with the Princess—her nephew—perhaps he may—"

"I understand you, Mademoiselle," replied old Caspar with a significant nod; "not a hair of his head shall suffer harm if I can help it!"

The young lady blushed deeper than ever: she had not anticipated being so thoroughly understood by the blunt old servant.

"That is not what I mean," said she, hesitating. She would have added something, or made some explanation, but the moments were precious, and her father hurried her away.

They found their way through the court-yard to the small postern gate, where the horse stood, fastened to a ring in the wall. The Count mounted, took his daughter behind him, and they proceeded as quietly as possible in the direction which the woman had pointed out. Many a fearful and an

anxious look did the daughter cast back upon the gloomy pile of building: the lights which had feebly twinkled through the dusty casements were one by one disappearing, a sign that the house was gradually sinking to repose; and she trembled with impatience, lest succour should not arrive until that repose had been fatally interrupted.

They passed silently and safely along the skirts of the rocks, protected from observation by their overhanging shadows. They crossed the brook, and reached the place where three white crosses nailed against a tree told of some murder that had been committed there. Just as they had reached this ill-omened spot they beheld several men in the gloom coming down a craggy defile among the rocks.

"Who goes there?" exclaimed a voice. The Count put spurs to his horse, but one of the men sprang forward and seized the bridle. The horse became restive, started back, and reared, and had not the young lady clung to her father, she would have been thrown off. The Count leaned forward, put a pistol to the very head of the ruffian, and fired. The latter fell dead. The horse sprang forward. Two or three shots were fired which whistled by the fugitives, but only served to augment their speed. They reached the village in safety.

The whole place was soon aroused: but such was the awe in which the banditti were held, that the inhabitants shrunk at the idea of encountering them. A desperate band had for some time infested that pass through the mountains, and the inn had long been suspected of being one of these horrible places where the unsuspecting wayfarer is entrapped and silently disposed of. The rich ornaments worn by the slattern hostess of the inn had excited heavy suspicions. Several instances had occurred of small parties of travellers disappearing mysteriously on that road, who it was supposed, at first, had been carried off by the robbers for the sake of ransom, but who had never been heard of

more. Such were the tales buzzed in the ears of the Count by the villagers as he endeavoured to rouse them to the rescue of the princess and her train from their perilous situation. The daughter seconded the exertions of her father with all the eloquence of prayers, and tears and beauty. Every moment that elapsed increased her anxiety until it became agonizing. Fortunately, there was a body of gens-d'armes resting at the village. A number of the young villagers volunteered to accompany them, and the little army was put in motion. The Count having deposited his daughter in a place of safety, was too much of the old soldier not to hasten to the scene of danger. It would be difficult to paint the anxious agitation of the young lady while awaiting the result.

The party arrived at the inn just in time. The robbers, finding their plans discovered, and the travellers prepared for their reception, had become open and furious in their attack. The Princess's party had barricaded themselves in one suite of apartments, and repulsed the robbers from the doors and windows. Caspar had shown the generalship of a veteran, and the nephew of the Princess the dashing valour of a young soldier. Their ammunition, however, was nearly exhausted, and they would have found it difficult to hold out much longer, when a discharge from the musquetry of the gens-d'armes gave them the joyful tidings of succour.

A fierce fight ensued, for part of the robbers were surprised in the inn, and had to stand siege in their turn; while their comrades made desperate attempts to relieve them from under cover of the neighbouring rocks and thickets.

I cannot pretend to give a minute

account of the fight, as I have heard it related in a variety of ways. Suffice it to say, the robbers were defeated; several of them killed, and several taken prisoners; which last, together with the people of the inn, were either executed or sent to the galleys.

I picked up these particulars in the course of a journey which I made some time after the event had taken place. I passed by the very inn. It was then dismantled, excepting one wing, in which a body of gens-d'armes were stationed. They pointed out to me the shot-holes in the window-frames, the walls, and the pannels of the door. There were a number of withered limbs dangling from the branches of a neighbouring tree, and blackening in the air, which I was told were the limbs of the robbers who had been slain, and the culprits who had been executed. The whole place had a dismal, wild, forlorn look.

"Were any of the Princess's party killed?" inquired the Englishman.

"As far as I can recollect, there were two or three."

"Not the nephew, I trust," said the fair Venetian.

"Oh no; he hastened with the Count to relieve the anxiety of the daughter by the assurances of victory. The young lady had been sustained throughout the interval of suspense by the very intensity of her feelings. The moment she saw her father returning in safety, accompanied by the nephew of the Princess, she uttered a cry of rapture and fainted. Happily, however, she soon recovered, and what is more, was married shortly after to the young cavalier, and the whole party accompanied the old Princess in her pilgrimage to Loretto, where her votive offerings may still be seen in the treasury of the Santa Case."

EPIGRAMS.

To Climene.

Thy ivory teeth, thy auburn hair,
Thy rosy cheeks are thine, my fair!
And thou wert charming couldst thou buy
A ray for thy lack-lustre eye.

To a beautiful Girl.

Oh cruel girl! I did but steal one kiss,
And you have stolen away my heart for this.

THE WISHING-CAP. No. I.

A PROPOSAL TO THE INHABITANTS OF THE METROPOLIS.

"It is a call to keep the spirits alive."

Ben Jonson.

WHAT I have to propose to the consideration of the inhabitants of the Metropolis is the institution of certain grounds and enclosures for the purpose of restoring the manly games of their ancestors. By manly games, I mean those that are properly called so, such as golf,* tennis, cricket, prison-base, &c.; not cock-fighting, nor even boxing; which latter is an invention of the idle to show their valour by proxy. The best thing to be said for boxing is, that it cultivates a sense of justice in the streets, and reminds the little boys of the necessity of keeping themselves active and vigorous. Boxing, however, is rather the result than the cause of a turn for fair play, which has long manifested itself in the British community. Its advocates have yet to show that its tendency to assist a spirit of this sort is not over-balanced by the excitement it furnishes to safe and cowardly spectators. A regular boxing holiday which draws after it, like a dusty comet, all the blackguards and bullies in the neighbourhood, is a meteor of very doubtful import; a very questionable encouragement to public spirit. The drinking and other bad habits, which generally illustrate the lives of boxers and their abettors, are no testimonies to the goodness of this mode of education. The spectators do not advance their health: and the boxers themselves are trained into an unnatural pitch of vigour, which does not last, and which only tempts them to shorten their lives by alternate excesses of regimen and debauchery. Even the race is not carried on like that of our horses. Boxers are not

the fathers nor the sons of boxers. If we could all of us attain to the honest fists of Parson Adams and Tom Jones, it would be much better. But how are we to set about it? Not by unnatural modes of life. We must rouse up other elements of health than these. When we have recovered something of the Parson's true love of manliness and simplicity, we shall be able to fight our own battles without the help of boxers and brandy-bottles. It is what the boxers at present do not do themselves; nor what their spectators, for the most part, would venture to do at all.

Cock-fighting is so despicable an amusement, and so plainly open to all the objections against boxing, without having anything to say for itself, that I need not add a word on the subject. Cruelty and cowardice notoriously go together. In cock-fighting they are both at their height. If anybody remains to be convinced, let him look at Hogarth's picture of it, and the faces concerned. Would the gambler in that picture, the most absorbed in the hope of winning, ever forget his own bones, as he does those of the brave animals before him? I allow that cock-fighting has been in use among nations of great valour, our own for one; but it was the barbarous and not the brave part of the national spirit that maintained it, and one that had not yet been led to think on the subject. Better knowledge puts an end to all excuses of that sort. When Roger Ascham (who saw nothing in romances but "open manslaughter and bold baudry") grew old and feeble, he changed his love for archery into a passion for this sneaking amusement. I never heard but of one imaginative person who was a cock-fighter; and such an odd imagination is his, and so strange are the ends which these cock-fighters come to, that he is now a professor in a Scotch university. This, it must be confes-

* There is a golf-club, which meets at Blackheath, and is composed, I believe, of Scotchmen. It is a very masculine game, not lightly to be entered upon by those whose muscles have been sedentary, lest, as the poet says—

—Vinegar proclaim their loud disgrace.

Exercises of this nature are the only advantage which Scotland has over us, and the disgrace ought to be done away.

sed, is a saving grace beyond old Roger Ascham.

There is still a cock-pit somewhere in Westminster. There is also, what many of our readers will be surprised to hear of, a bear-garden, eminently blackguard.

But to return to our subject,—I say little about the ancients, though they abounded in gymnastic example. Examples drawn from the Greeks and Romans, unless impressed upon us in a very early and particular manner, have little effect. They are considered rather as things done in books, than by men. I will only make two or three observations : 1st. That neither the Greeks nor Romans were fond of exercise by proxy, the former being a nation of wrestlers and dancers, and the second the gladiators of the world : 2d. That the Greeks were much the handsomer and more intellectual people, and, with the exception of Sparta, were as content with the exercises that kept them healthy and lively in a state of peace, as they were ready to fight bravely when patriotism required it : 3d. That the wits and philosophers of Greece, some of whom were its greatest captains (as Epaminondas and Xenophon) were remarkable for a tranquil health and longevity, confessedly owing to that study of body as well as mind, which they made a part of the business of their lives. Plato speaks with astonishment of the newly-invented terms of *vapours* and other mysteries, which some physicians had brought up in his time. In the age of Homer, our niceties of temperament appear to have been so unknown, that he represents Diomed and Ulysses, after the heat of action, as standing in a draught of wind to cool themselves. These were soldiers ; but Plato was a man of letters and a metaphysician ; professions, which are held to be particularly injurious to the stomach ; and are so, in our present sedentary modes of life.

The history of England will suffice for Englishmen. It is remarkable, that the period the most eminent among us both for manly exercises and a long state of peace, was during the reign of the Tudors and James the First. The

court was then given to tilts and tournaments, the gentry to the sports of the field, the citizens to archery, the peasantry to the games which are now confined to children : and all classes to bowls, tennis, and dancing. At the same time, as good things have a propensity to go together, music was cultivated by both sexes, to a degree which this musical age would be surprised at ; and ladies gradually acquired the art of being at once housewifely and booklearned ; points in which they afterwards fell off on the arrival of French coquetry. Elizabeth, besides her books and her "heavenly virginals," kept herself in heart and good countenance with "dancing." The Reformation set men a thinking, and the Revolution followed ; very useful to complete us as minds as well as bodies, and to put an end to all star-chambers and bloody bigotries ; but mind itself still remains to be completed, and to finish its duty by a return to the proper cultivation of body ; and then we should unite the advantages of the two periods. The Puritans, in their saturnine reflection, thought it necessary to oppose the sports and pastimes of the age, as worldly vanities, which was a great blow to the corporeal part of us. Luxury had already prepared the way for it by the introduction of coaches, as well as by her other usual tendencies. Charles the Second followed with his peruke and French fashions ; and though he was fond of exercise and began by resuming some of the old sports, debauchery soon counteracted their good effects. The show of a severer court under James, the second revolution which followed his attempts to introduce popery, and the Anti-Gallican spirit which arose in opposition both to the former tastes and to the power of Louis the 14th, all tended to introduce a better system of manners ; but trade had now begun to occupy our day-light, and lead us into sad hours ; the logical and critical faculties were exercised almost exclusively, and peace with France ensuing, and every body being bent on the improvement of his "sense," the effect was consummated by an universal ab-

sorption in the lesser morals,—in the acquirement of estates and gentilities,—in the study of being agreeable in rooms, and witty in coffee-houses. We were to be English in our virtues, but French in our tastes : and a compromise between these two strangers took place, which existed up to the period of the French revolution, and still colours the manners and criticism in vogue. The characters of the successive princes contributed to the universal defection from exercise. William the Third, a hero in the field, was a queazy consumptive invalid in his own chamber. Anne was fat and burly, like her grandfather Clarendon. Lord Lanesborough, the old gentleman mentioned by Pope as “ dancing in the gout,” waited upon her on the death of her husband, to advise her Majesty to rouse up her spirits by his Lordship’s favourite exercise. The announcement of his business must have been very ludicrous, unless he was a man of address ; but he had a reason in his boasting of legs. If precedent was required, he might have quoted, besides Elizabeth, the example of Charles the Second’s wife, Catharine of Braganza, who by means of an unconquerable spirit of dancing bore up against an evil which would have been thought greater by most women than that of a husband’s death ; to wit, his neglect and infidelity. The House of Brunswick succeeded, all stayers at home and card-players, with the exception of the late King, whose temperance and exercise deserved a better end than his parents had provided for him.

We still have the advantage of our neighbours in point of bodily vigour ; partly from our mode of subsistence, partly because we retain enough moral vigour from our ancestors, and value ourselves on maintaining our superiority. But no gallant person who was at Waterloo will deny, that however we astonished Napoleon by holding out as we did, and forcing him to lose the fruits of his conduct, we ourselves could have spared a few of the charges which the French persisted in making, and did not altogether find them as inferior as we expected. The

Revolution had put a spirit into their arms, which the “ beaux chevaliers” of the Grand Monarque, with all their gallantry, would have envied. Napoleon gave that title to one of our regiments as they were forming for battle, and lamented that he should be obliged to cut it to pieces. The consciousness that suggested the lamentation, might have taught him to spare it. He argued too royally. He took us for the servants of a monarchy like that of old France ; and forgot that the same liberty which was new in that country, and none the better for his deserting it, was, notwithstanding its corruptions, a long habit with us. But the French people have upon the whole made a great advance in physical energy. The race is improved. A manlier system of education has been introduced ; feudality is at an end ; the French peasant now values himself, not as the slave of a great nation ; and we may remark, that the most inconsiderate extoller among us of “ the good old times” in France (which we used to laugh at so much formerly) has long ceased to say anything about “ ragged elbows” and “ wooden shoes.” Now the French are not disposed to relax any of their endeavours to render themselves a match for Englishmen. Let us smile if we will at their endeavours ; but let us smile with reason ; and do, in the mean time, all we can to keep a head of them.

There is a cricket-ground at Paddington, and a squalid five’s court in St. Martin’s-lane. This is the present amount of our establishments in behalf of health and vigour. The cricket-ground is good, but a mere nothing to our wants. The five’s-court is like an out-house in a dream, or Daniel’s den without the lions. We ought at least to have a score of cricket-grounds about the suburbs. There should also be grounds for tennis ; five’s-courts, a decent number ; and running, wrestling, and all other honest exercises ought to be encouraged, wherever they can. Instead of these, we have muddle-headed card-rooms, and places aptly called Hells, where people learn to be callous or misera-

ble, and pick one another's pockets : to which they have lately added the accomplishment of cutting one another's throats. Think of the difference of frequenting these places, or even the most virtuous tavern extant, without a proper security against gout and indigestion, and of coming home fresh and breathing from the racket-ground, with a hand as firm as iron, clear temples and body, and an appetite which can afford to enjoy itself.*

Some patriotic persons, Mr. Penant among them (who was of civic origin, and a good specimen of the British gentleman) have attempted to restore the practice of archery. It is a good attempt ; and all exercises, of whatever kind, are better than none ; and if archery is not made a toy of by its revivers (as one is apt to imagine in these times) it is stout work. What I have just said, was only upon that presumption. Pardon me, soul of Robin Hood ; and ye tall and sturdy bows, not to be looked down upon, which of old

The strong-arm'd English spirits conquer'd France.

We have still riding and dancing among our amusements : but both are pursued in a very modern way, the latter often perniciously. The rich have the advantage of riding for an appetite. It is a pity they do not do it oftener, instead of taking to their carriages. Dancing is kept up too late at night, and in suffocating rooms. Dancing on a green is to some purpose. At evening it might oftener be resorted to with great advantage, by almost all persons in doors, without preparation, and the moment they rise from their work. But no exercise can dispense with the necessity of exercise in the open air. We, and ours, for many generations must suffer for the want of it, wherever it takes

place to any great extent. The constitution's ruined for life, and the feeble progenies that result, are innumerable in these sedentary times. And recollect, that plant what principles we may, and take care as we think fit of our own wordly success and that of our offspring, nature insists that the bodies in which she puts us shall be the medium of every perception we have ; so that we colour it with darkness or cheerfulness accordingly.

I have omitted hunting : I confess I do not willingly speak of it, unless it be hunting the fox, and then only in case of necessity. It prevails to no such extent as to affect my argument : nor can I think that any mode of doing ourselves good is to be recommended, if it be unjust to others, and can be supplied by a choice of so many amusements, at once manly and innocent.

One thing I must mention ; namely that this is no party matter. Our muscles are not Whigs and Tories, Our stomachs (God knows) are no Radical Reformers. All parties are interested in it ; nor do I despair before long of hearing that some steps have been taken in consequence of this suggestion ; not because it has been well argued, but because the suggestion has been made. Should any one be induced by what is here said to take steps in the matter, I exhort him to consider himself as under one of the most honourable impulses of his life. If it lay in my power to begin, I would not hesitate a moment, nor sit down to dinner, from week's end to week's end, without conquering a good digestion for it, racket in hand, every day I was in town. The gentlemen of the city can raise excellent troops of horse, and do anything else they have a mind to, which money can effect: why do they not make a transition from the field of Waterloo to exercises worthy of gallant men ? A pair of stays is another thing, when it pinches the sides of a Sir Philip Sydney. Let shapes be secured, and stays be warranted by this handsomest of all modes ; and let at the same time half the indigestions of the city retire at one blow of the racket.

* Laws must be made against gambling ; but it is much easier to prevent it in such games, than at any other. The player soon gets an interest in the game itself, and the cheerfulness of his blood stands him instead of the paltry excitements of the dice-box. To play for a trifle might be allowed. It gives the mind's eye another mark to aim at ; but this is easily regulated. A good player will chiefly play for honour.

SIGHTS OF LONDON.

MEXICAN WONDERS : OR A PEEP INTO THE PICCADILLY MUSEUM ;

BY JACOB GOOSEQUILL.

MY DEAR SIR,—

THE Goddess of Curiosity led Columbus by the nose a much greater way than ever she led a much greater fool, viz. myself. Nevertheless, I had enough of his inquisitive disposition to draw me, last week, from my "bed of asphodel" (in plain English, my soft bottomed ottoman) towards that part of America which has just been translated to Piccadilly. The importance into which the Mexican empire is now rising seems to have been deeply felt and duly weighed by Mr. Bullock. He has consulted his own interest in the public gratification, and I have no doubt will eventually fill his own pockets quite as full as our heads, by means of his exhibition. Amongst the many non-gratuitous establishments of the same kind within the metropolis, Bullock's Museum, in my mind, certainly holds the first place; there is a spirit of philosophy embarked in it which raises it far above the standard of a common exhibition. We are introduced neither to a painted city nor a solitary landscape, to an army of soldiers or a company of wild beasts, to a giantess or a dwarf, but to the natural world itself, as it exists, or at least to a fac simile of it, as palpable and familiar as art can make it. I know of nothing short of a bonafide dishimation of the city of Mexico, and its suburbs, from their place among the Andes, carrying with them, at the same time, their live and dead stock, together with their overhanging firmament and surrounding scenery, which could represent these objects so effectually as an exhibition constructed on the plan of Mr. Bullock's. Some time ago I had the pleasure of descending into the Catacombs of Egypt in my way to Hyde-park, and shortly after took a morning's walk to the Esquimaux, returning in time for dinner to my lodgings at St. James'. Thus, for a few pence, I was enabled

to satisfy my curiosity, without either travelling to Grand Cairo, like the Spectator, or making a voyage to the North Seas, like Captain Parry. This power of changing our horizon without changing our latitude we owe to Mr. Bullock; and I sincerely hope he will live long enough to give us a view of every thing worth seeing on the habitable globe, until it may be said that the whole world has shifted, piecemeal, through the two great rooms in Piccadilly.

Upon entering these chambers, last week, I appeared to have left the Old World outside the door; I had taken a "Trip to Mexico" without even the ceremony of asking Neptune for a soft wave, or Eolus for a fair wind; I had, in fact, stepped from Burlington-arcade into the middle of America. Every thing was new; nothing reminded me of Old England,—save and except that I had to pay half-a-crown for a couple of sixpenny catalogues, whereby my voyage to Mexico cost me nearly double what it ought. This forcibly reminded me that I could not be very far from *Westminster-abbey*, and that Great Britain's local deity, Mammon, in the shape of a door-keeper, was still close at my elbow, picking my pocket. However, even Charon expects a penny for rowing us over the Styx,—and why should not Mr. Bullock receive forty times as much for taking us over more than forty times as wide a water—the Atlantic Ocean?

Upon walking into the upper room, which contains the reliques of Ancient Mexico, I was mightily struck by the close resemblance many of them bore to the antiquities of Egypt. There was a Zodiac of Denderah, under the title of the Great Kalendar Stone of Mexico, and otherwise known to the Indians by the name of Montezuma's Watch. It weighs five tons, and I cannot help remarking, that if Montezuma's breeches pocket was propor-

tional to his watch, and Montezuma himself proportional to his breeches, Montezuma must have been a very great man indeed. In the centre of the stone is the Sun, round which the Seasons are represented in hieroglyphics, outside of which again are the names of the eighteen Mexican months of twenty days each, making up a year of 368 days. It would appear from this that the Mexicans had made some advances in astronomy, when Cortez and his priests reduced them by civilization to their primitive state of ignorance. Then there is the statue of an Azteck Princess; the lady is represented sitting on her feet, her hands rest on her knees, and give her the appearance of the front of the Egyptian Sphinx, to which the resemblance or the head-dress greatly contributes. A bust of a female in lava looks very like the Isis of Old Nile, with a crown of turretry on her head. Canopus, also, the round-bellied divinity of the East, stands here in the shape of a stone pitcher; and some hieroglyphical paintings of the Ancient Mexicans, on paper of Maguey, or prepared deer-skin, add considerably to the circumstantial evidence afforded by the other objects. But the most remarkable proof in support of the hypothesis that the Mexicans and Egyptians were formerly but one people, is the existence of the pyramids in the valley of Otumba, about thirty miles from Mexico. One of these is higher than the third of the great pyramids at Ghiza. They are called Teocalli, are surrounded by smaller ones, consist of several stories, and are composed of clay mixed with small stones, being encased with a thick wall of amygdaloid,—just in the manner of the structures at Cairo and Saharah. Taking the above hypothesis as established by these resemblances, the much contested question concerning the purpose for which these artificial mountains were constructed is at once set to rest, by the Mexican tradition, which assigns them as the mausolea, or burial-places of their ancestors. A miniature pyramid, about four feet high, in a corner of a room, gives the spectator a good idea of

these monstrous types of human vanity.—At the west end of the same room (which is fitted up so as to convey some notion of the Temple of Mexico) is a colossal Rattle-snake, in the act of swallowing a female victim; this Idol of the people is confronted by another amiable figure, at the east-end, representing Teoamiqui, the goddess of war. Her form is partly human, and the rest divided between rattle-snake and tiger. The goddess has moreover adorned her charms with a necklace composed of human hearts, hands, and skulls; and before her is placed the great Sacrificial Altar, on the top of which is a deep groove where the victim was laid by the priest. This, and many other objects in the room, are sculptured with a degree of precision and elegance, the more surprising as the use of iron was unknown to Mexico, when invaded by the Spaniards.

In the lower room is a panoramic view of the city of Modern Mexico, with a copious assortment of the animal, vegetable, mineral, and artificial productions of that kingdom: the aloe, the cactus, the maguey (called by Purchass, the “tree of wonders”) the tunnal or prickly pear tree, the cacao, the banana, &c.; humming-birds as small as humble-bees, and frogs as big as little children; Spanish cavaliers in wax, and dolphins of all colours but the true ones; native gold and silver, with many other less attractive valuables. But to me the most interesting object in this collection of foreign curiosities, was a living specimen of the Mexican Indian,—Jose Cayetana Ponce de Leon,—whose family name, by the bye, being that of the discoverer of Florida, is not a little contradictory of his alleged Indian descent. He is in the costume of his country, has a fine, sun-burnt, intelligent countenance, wears his hair *a la mode de sauvage*, down in his eyes, and his hat, like a quaker, on the top of his head. He appears sensible, and is very communicative; several pretty women entered into conversation with him while I was there, and he supported the ordeal firmly, notwithstanding the bright-

ness of their eyes and the swiftness of their tongues. If you are fluent in Spanish, Italian, or the vernacular Mexican, go and speak to him yourself, in any or all of these languages. For my part, I "can no more" (as we say in a tragedy) at present.

JACOB GOOSEQUILL.

BIOGRAPHY OF ECCENTRIC CHARACTERS LATELY DECEASED.

WILSON LOWRY, F.R.S.

ON Tuesday the 22d of June, about two o'clock in the morning, died Mr. Wilson Lowry, Fellow of the Royal and Geological Societies, and one of the most eminent engravers in Europe. He entered the sixty-third year of his age on the 23d of January last. Nothing is known of his ancestry beyond his father, whose baptismal name was Joseph; who is believed to have been a native of Ireland; and who, at the time of the birth of Wilson, was a portrait-painter, residing in Whitehaven, scarcely known in the metropolis.

The proper subject of this memoir was tall in person, and bore a strong family likeness to the portrait of his father, but was somewhat more eagle-browed; and in the general character and cast of his features, was such a mixture of thoughtfulness, with benignity, as would have looked well in an historical picture; and as did look well in society,—announcing the entrance of no common man wherever Wilson Lowry appeared. Indeed there were times and smiling occasions, when this benignant expression quite beamed from him; but his biographer must regret that it was too often clouded by the anxieties and disappointments which all men are condemned to feel, who exercise any of the liberal arts at the dictation of mercenary traders; for mercenary traders in art are seldom well informed; and some were so ignorant, when Lowry first put in practice that refined mode of engraving by means of which he terminated architectural forms, as Nature terminates *her* forms, that is to say, without those *outlines* which may be seen in the works of his predecessors,—as to argue with him that he ought to afford his plates cheaper than others of the profession, since he had not the trouble of engraving outlines. No artist, who is

obliged to meet the public under mediation, can derive much habitual cheerfulness from the state of the patronage of his art. However, after the commencement of Dr. Rees's Cyclopædia, he had no longer occasion to complain of this grossness, his superiority beginning then to be duly appreciated. But we must return to earlier events, and earlier developements of the character of Wilson Lowry.

When a boy at Worcester, he was less fond of play, and more so of books, than most other boys, recreating himself occasionally with nutting and angling. Here he became known, and was favourably noticed, by Mr. Ross, a sensible and ingenious man, but not a very well qualified engraver, from whom Lowry obtained his original, but very slight and imperfect, acquaintance, with the art in which he afterward so much excelled. He is supposed to have been under articles, and to have served with Mr. Ross, for the space of three years or so; but this is less certain than is the fact that in Worcester, Lowry engraved his first plate, of which the subject, or more properly the occasion and object, was to attract customers to the shop of a certain fishmonger of that city. That important consequences should originate from trifling beginnings is nothing extraordinary, since were we to retrospect far enough, we should probably find this to be generally, if not always, the case: but still, we should feel the same kind of gratification of curiosity, or perhaps of a better principle, at a sight of this fishmonger's card, as at viewing the first bubbling up of the spring-head of the Thames, or any other river that has flowed on till it became a port of commerce. The price for which our juvenile artist agreed to engrave it was seven shillings, the amount of which sum was to be re-

ceivable, and was actually received in red herrings ! As the waters of the Severn are neither insalubrious nor expensive, it seems probable that honesty, and perseverance, and hope, and a good youthful appetite, induced him to subsist on these herrings,—unless when friendship and perry cheered his prospects, and gave relief to his meals and studies—as long as they lasted. Indeed what else could he have done with red herrings ?

No man has ever, in any mental pursuit, far outstripped his fellows, who possessed not considerable native energy of mind. Between the ages of puberty and manhood, when this faculty is most vigorous, youth are frequently enterprising, and more or less reckless as to ulterior consequences. From some affront conceived, or some hope entertained, which cannot now be traced, our artist left his paternal home, and his employ, if any he had at that time, at about the age of sixteen, with an inconsiderable sum in his pocket, and travelling on foot to Warwick, obtained a further supply by engaging to assist Mr. Beavan (a herald painter of that town) in painting a castle ; and by means of this addition to his finances, was enabled to make his way to the metropolis. Here our adventurer was probably without friends when he most needed them, and soon bewildered,—though by what course of accidents he came to fill an inferior station in the hospital of St. Thomas, is not known. It however gave him an opportunity of listening to the lectures that were delivered there on medicine and anatomy, and hence he acquired his taste for, and his rudimental knowledge of, Chemistry, and the healing arts, in which he always took considerable interest, and was no mean adept. He was particularly struck with the experiment of freezing mercury, and it led him to several results, both theoretical and practical ; for, give him but an opportunity of seeing, and he saw at once, with intuitive perception, much further than most other men into the rationale of a subject ; and hence, like Dr. Franklin, he was very adroit in ascertaining and mastering the true cause of any effect that was set before him.

To the readiness with which he exercised this talent, even from an early age, we owe much of the various ability which he manifested ; for, with regard to innate genius, he early adopted the salutary, though questionable, theory of Helvetius, which teaches that no such faculty or gift as genius exists, and that all the diversities of human attainment which we behold, are the result of education ; understanding by that word, not always what preceptors intend to teach, or impress on the minds of their pupils, but what those pupils really acquire from experience and their own views of things, whether designed or not on the part of their instructors. By this first-rate genius, genius was altogether disclaimed.

How Lowry came to devote himself professionally to an art so ill patronised, so ill understood, so publicly dishonoured at the English Royal Academy of Arts, and so unprofitable, unless followed as a trade, as Engraving,—is not known to the present writer from any actual communication with himself, or from any other communication on which he can place certain reliance. If a judgment be formed from the above circumstances, and they be supposed to have been known at the time to our artist, necessity must have driven him on this course ; if from his works, the arts must have had charms to attract him, in spite of the eternal war which he must wage with fortune when thus enlisted.

However these things may have been, the present writer first became acquainted with him when a young man, residing in the neighbourhood of Vauxhall, and in the employ, or under the patronage (as the prostituted phrase was) of Alderman Boydell, to whom he is believed to have been introduced by a letter from the good-natured Ross, of Worcester ; though, according to one of his early friends, this introduction was written by a gentleman of Shrewsbury, whose name is unknown. Lowry at the same time derived instruction in the art of Etching from his neighbour Mr. John Browne, the very ingenious coadjutor of Woollett. For Boydell, in addition to anonymous assistance on works not known to his

surviving friends, he engraved three large plates; namely, a varied landscape, after Gaspar Poussin; a rocky seaport, after Salvator Rosa, a difficult and very meritorious performance for so young an artist; and a view of the interior of the Coalbrook Dale smelting-house, after Geo. Robertson; for which engravings he was very sparingly remunerated.

It must have been during this period, that Mr. Surgeon Blizard, who was afterwards knighted, enquired at Boydell's for some young artist to make a drawing for him of Lunardi's balloon, and the alderman recommended Lowry, who performed the drawing, and behaved himself in other respects so much to the satisfaction of this eminent and benevolent surgeon, that he became his friend, gave him a perpetual ticket of admission to his own and other surgical lectures, and offered to instruct him professionally in the art of surgery; and Lowry actually became so far his pupil as to attend the hospitals at every interval of leisure from his engraving, for four years successively.

It was during this period too, that he became intimately acquainted with the elder Malton, author of the elaborate folio treatise on Perspective, whose work and conversation considerably augmented, if it did not impart, our artist's passion for the mathematical sciences. The book, which it has been said he at first walked twenty-one miles to read, induced him to inquire out the author; but it is believed that he had previously been a solitary student in Euclid. And now he was stimulated to the mastery of algebra, perspective, trigonometry, the conic sections; and, in short, all the higher branches of geometrical science. His friend Landseer was present at Lambeth, and recollects the time when Malton explained to them both, with the river Thames and the reflected scenery on its banks for examples, the doctrines relating to that angle of incidence which regulates the perspective of the downward and sideward reflections of objects, from luminous bodies: and that Lowry himself struck out some useful hints in solving the difficul-

ties of a view down a geometrical staircase.

It was moreover during this period of probation and rapid improvement, which comprehended several years, that he was used to call, not unfrequently, upon the late Mr. Byrne, the landscape engraver, for professional advice, which he always received with great deference and ingenuousness. The spirit of inquiry was then, as it has ever been, strong in him. His conversation abounded with tasteful observation and deep sensibility to the charms of nature and art. He was ardent and communicative, with great suavity of manners; and particularly studious of improving those manual means of professional excellence which were in ordinary use amongst engravers, in which his natural sagacity saw many defects. In other words, he would possess himself of the best mechanical apparatus, and the best materials of engraving, and would then busy himself in improving on those best, at any expense of time and money that was within his reach or anticipation.

The abovementioned works, after Poussin and Rosa, show that he was eminently gifted to have excelled as a landscape engraver, particularly in the treatment of such scenes as contained rocks and ruined edifices, which is further attested by his etchings of Holyrood palace, the round tower of Ludlow castle, and the ancient market cross at Malmsbury, all after Hearne, and for the antiquities of Great Britain. His style of etching picturesque antiquities, is evidently formed on a keen perception of, and sensibility to, the beauties of that of the elder Rooker, and of the analogies between that style and its archetypes in nature: but Boydell, as may be perceived by his own engravings, and his gross misappropriation of subjects to artists, possessed too little discernment to perceive these merits; and hence our artist was induced to contemplate emigration to America, and to seek other engagements; among which he executed some plates (though of no great importance) for Johnson of St. Paul's churchyard, and Taylor of Holborn; began a large one of the Dublin parliament-

house, for the junior Malton ; and engraved the very capital background to Sharp's portrait of John Hunter, after Sir Joshua Reynolds. As, not landscapes and ruined edifices alone, but to excel in the engraving of finished architecture also, was within the scope of his views, his ardent and ever active mind gradually expanded into the invention of those machines which have since turned out of such vast advantage to art and society, and which have justly obtained for their inventor the reputation of being the first engraver of architecture and mechanism of every kind, that ever lived in the world.

In a volume of lectures on the art of engraving, delivered at the Royal Institution by Mr. Landseer, we find these machines described and discoursed of in the following terms : " The next mode of engraving that solicits our attention is, that invented about fifteen years* since by Mr. Wilson Lowry. It consists of two instruments one for etching successive lines, either equidistant or in just gradation, from being wide apart to the nearest approximation, *ad infinitum* ; and another, more recently constructed, for striking elliptical, parabolical, and hyperbolical curves, and in general all those lines which geometricians call *mechanical curves*, from the dimensions of the point of a needle, to an extent of five feet. Both of these inventions combine elegance with utility, and both are of high value, as auxiliaries of the imitative part of engraving ; but as the auxiliaries of chemical, agricultural, and mechanical science, they are of incalculable advantage. The accuracy of their operation, as far as human sense, aided by the magnifying powers of glasses, enables us to say so, is perfect ; and I need not attempt to describe to you the advantages that must result to the whole cycle of science,

from mathematical accuracy. As long as this institution, and the Society for the encouragement of arts, manufactures, and commerce, shall deserve and receive the gratitude of the country, so long must the inventor of these instruments be considered as a benefactor to the public.

These instruments our engraver continued to use, and to impart the uses of them to others, to the commencement of his last illness ; with what superlative success, the numerous and exquisite engravings which he performed for the Cyclopædia of Dr. Rees, Dr. Tilloch's Philosophical Magazine, Mr. P. Nicholson's architectural publications, the Encyclopædia Metropolitana, and other similar works, afford the most irrefragable proofs. It is not believed that he followed up this branch of the art, or rather this *his peculiar art* of engraving architectural and mechanical subjects, because it was his *forte*, or from any such predilection as frequently determines the pursuits of men. In fact he had more forts than one ; for in whatever direction his improving mind from time to time advanced, he might be said to build a fort ; like Agricola and those Roman legions of old, who conquered and improved wherever they invaded. He was rather impelled in this particular direction by exterior circumstances—chiefly the imperious demands that are consequent to an increasing family ; and it is probable that he sighed in secret to emulate Piranesi and Rooker, as he surely would have done, had the public taste and patronage of the age in which he lived, been more auspicious to such studies. But this misdirection, if such it might be deemed, or this want of perception of the true indications, and pointing, of early talent, is far from having been confined to our artist. Rooker was bred a harlequin ; Woollett a farrier ; and it was not foreseen that the apprentice of an Italian pastry-cook would become Claude of Lorraine. And after all it may be questioned whether Lowry would not have made quite as distinguished a civil engineer, or experimental chemist, or physician, or geological traveller, as he did an architectural engraver, or as he

* This course of lectures was delivered in the year 1816 : and it was in great part owing to Lowry's solicitude for advancing the general interests of engraving, that they were delivered at that institution. At a time when the other British engravers evinced but too much indifference as to asserting the intellectual pretensions of their art, and tamely acquiesced in its academical degradation, Lowry stood nobly forward, and was the bearer to Sir Thos. Bernard, who then managed the lecturing department at the Royal Institution, of Mr. Landseer's willingness to undertake the task.

would have made a landscape engraver, so various and so versatile were his powers. In short, with a remarkably clear intellect, and an enthusiastic thirst of knowledge, his scientific attainments were intuitively rapid, and of the most various descriptions. The general praise (as we cannot but recollect here) has been so frequently bestowed on others, that to some readers it may appear no more than ordinary reputation; but of Wilson Lowry it is as literally true, as of Lord Verulam; for very few men have known so many arts and sciences, and known them so profoundly; so much so, that like that distinguished philosopher, he could converse with ingenious men of almost any profession, without its being discovered that he was not of that profession: wherefore, in mathematics, chemistry, optics, and the numerous train of arts and sciences that depend on these, such as mechanics, mineralogy, geology, perspective, algebra, in its analytical application to logic and mathematics, and the department of art to which he professionally attached himself, few men were his superiors, speaking severally of those branches of knowledge, and not many his equals. The present writer during this middle period of his life, belonged as well as he, to three distinct societies, of which the objects were philosophical discovery and discussion, and of which Lowry was decidedly the most efficient member, although Drs. Dinwiddie and Tilloch, as well as several other gentlemen of considerable scientific attainments, were of the fraternities.

He became a Fellow of the Royal Society about twenty years ago, and of the Geological Society from the era of its institution, in both of which he was beloved and respected, and often consulted upon occasions interesting to the progress of knowledge. With the late Sir Jos. Banks, and Sir H. Englefield; and with the present Dr. Woolaston, Mr. Lee, Mr. Greenough, and other of the most learned members of those Institutions respectively, he was more particularly intimate; indeed from Sir Joseph's apparent friendship for him, and from the opportunities which that gentleman's ex-

perience and situation gave him of witnessing the merits of an artist, and the difficulties of climbing to an eminence in science from "life's low vale," there were those who expected that the president of the Royal Society would have done himself the honour of bequeathing Mr. Lowry some mark of his regard; but they were mistaken.

In his youth, and during the heyday of his life, he was also somewhat addicted to metaphysical disquisition—not that the employment of this term, addicted, is intended to convey the faintest shadow of reproach on those interesting studies, of which Lowry was at that time fond, and in which he greatly excelled. With the writings of Hobbes, Collins, Hume, and Helvetius, he was intimately conversant. The writer of the present memoir has frequently heard him dispute with men of sense and erudition—if a style of argument so mild as his, may be called disputing—and always with advantage. Collins and Helvetius were his chief authorities; but he reasoned for himself; was subtle without sophistry, and always, from conviction, on the side of necessity, in the great question concerning the foundation of morals. Latterly, however, since he became a member of the Royal Society, his mind has apparently interested itself more in the practical detail of science and the arts, and in imparting to others what he knew of these matters, which he always did most willingly. And, whether in lofty speculation he argued with the doctors, or instructed his pupils in the rudiments or minutia of mechanical or imitative art, his manner was ever kind-hearted and unassuming—as much so as if he was inquiring, or investigating a subject in concert with a circle of friends and by his own fire-side; and even when clearly victorious, he was the farthest of all men from appearing triumphant.

The nearest approach to any thing of the kind that is remembered, happened upon an occasion of meeting Holcroft at the house of a mutual friend: when the two philosophers fell into conversation concerning Holcroft's favourite dogma that "all crime is

mistake." Whether Lowrie questioned the truth of this position is not recollected; but he questioned the postulator, to whom he was then introduced for the first time, and who, perhaps a little disconcerted—said somewhat peevishly, "Why you're treating me like a child. You're catechising me." Upon which Lowrie returned, "And what then? If you know your catechism, will you be affronted? Ought you to be affronted?"

He was, moreover, benevolent and disinterested in conduct and in fact, notwithstanding that in argument he asserted and maintained the selfish theory. This, however, is scarcely more uncommon, than to find the reality of selfishness, attended with the hypocritical cant of disinterested benevolence.

It would seem as if—warned of the danger, more than convinced of the fruitlessness of abstruse metaphysics, and of what are termed politics—he had of late years desisted from these species of philosophising, and attached or restricted himself, more to the study of physics; being in fact, a quiet English subject, and an excellent practical christian, although not professing it.

With this various proficiency, and this communicative urbanity of manners, his friendships and acquaintances among the learned in art and science, were numerous, as might be expected; and a large portion of the original matter, written for Dr. Rees' Cyclopædia, was supplied by Lowry's connexions. Being a sort of living Cyclopædia, he could doubtless have supplied many of them himself, in addition to his highly valued engravings; but this he ever avoided, as the present writer believes, further than revising, in a friendly way, what some of the Doctor's coadjutors had written. As he resembled Socrates in his style of reasoning, and in his dispassionate mildness of demeanor, so, like that great philosopher, he would not undertake to write any regular dissertations, conceiving himself not qualified in point of literary attainment. In fact, he *was* learned in things, rather than in words: but yet, this avoidance

is on that very account to be regretted, for the men who write most for the real benefit of society, are those who, like Bacon and Selden, are knowing chiefly in these things. It is also to be regretted that no Xenophon has written his memorabilia.

We have mentioned above, his numerous acquaintance among the learned. But there are those also, who, without being learned, would be thought so, and from this quarter, one tax of being eminent and liberally communicative, has, during the latter portion of Lowry's life, been somewhat unfeelingly exacted of him. He has been too much hindered in his valuable pursuits, by the idle obtrusions of dandy philosophers, and those dabblers in virtù and experimental philosophy who are scientific, just as honorary secretaries and unpaid magistrates are attentive to their duties: *videlicet*, only at their leisure. Such persons, of both sexes, will saunter in droves with their little cans, coming at every feasible opportunity to fill them at the accessible fountain of one who is habitually studious: and to drones and smatterers of this description, who contribute nothing to the general stock of knowledge, while their busy intermeddlings often retard the labours of others; if the Royal Society is not impervious, Lowry must have been but too far within their reach.

In the year 1796 our artist married Rebecca Dell Valle, a lady of an ancient family—(the aunt, if we are rightly informed, of the late Mr. D. Ricardo, the political economist,)—who is become a public instructress of reputation, in the science of mineralogy, and is mistress of a valuable collection of minerals and fossils, formed and arranged for that purpose with the nicest discrimination and at a considerable expence, by her late husband. The offspring of this marriage, are, a son, who, having been well grounded in mathematical studies, is striving with considerable promise of success to follow in the steps of his father; and a daughter, who is already the authoress of an elementary treatise on mineralogy, which is esteemed among the best works of its kind.

No artist was ever more free from low-minded jealousy. On the contrary, his mind was made of broad parts; and whatever feelings of rivalry, or hopes of professional superiority at any time possessed it, were of the most honourable kind, and tempered with the greatest deference for the attainments of other engravers, both contemporaneous and deceased. He always appeared to see more merits in their works and far less in his own than impartial justice would warrant. If his estimates as an artist were ever incorrect, it was in these respects, and in these only. Moreover it is believed that those engravers of the present

day who excel in the treatment of ruined edifices, as well as those who are famed for their engravings of finished architecture and apparatus, will readily acknowledge their deep obligations to Lowry's instructions, which were always freely and liberally imparted; and to his example, which was of course available to all: and that England hence derives in a great measure, her superiority over the engravers of the continent. These also, study and emulate his works, but, wanting that local information which he orally and most readily imparted, they imitate his style with less happy success than the artists of our own island.

GREENWICH HOSPITAL.

THE BARGE'S CREW.

"Row the boat merrily—merrily, oh!"

SECOND-HIM heart-him! Why, aye, Mr. Editor, I sees you understand the larned lingoes; though, for the matter o'that, there was a whole cargo of crinkum-crankums in the same *Gazette*: you call it Greek, and mayhap it's all ship-shape; for I don't know much about talking short-hand, only it looks comical to me how people can get such crooked letters into their mouth. But sailors know a little about languages too. Why, I remembers Jem Scupperlug, when he was carpenter's mate of a man-of-war brig on the coast of Brazil, and they sprung their mainyard. Well, d'ye see, they anchored at a small town, and the Captain inquired if there was any body that could palaver Portuguese; and so Jem offers his services, and the Captain took him ashore to the mast-maker of the place. "Ho! Seignior!" says Jem, "You must humble-cum-stumble, we want a roundem-come-squarem to make a mainyardo for de English brigo, d'ye hear?"—"No *entendez*, Seignior, (replied the Portuguese,) no *entendez*."—"What does he say, Jem?" (axed the skipper)—"Says, sir! why, he says he can't make it these *ten days*." Does he? well, then, come along, come along; we must go to sea as we

are, and fish it aboard." But you'll say, what has all this to do with the Barge's Crew; steer a straight course, and don't yaw about to every point of the compass, like a Dutchman. All in good time, Mr. Editor, don't get in a passion, I'm only trying my trim: for, of all my consarns, I loved the Barge the best, particularly when I pulled the stroke oar, and Nelson's flag was flying in the bows, though he didn't live to carry it without the balls; I was with him that ere time up the Mediterranean, when poor Carraciogli was executed through the cruelty and intrigues of Lady ——. That's a distressing story, and some day, when I'm in the mood, I'll tell you all about it; for I never shall forget seeing the old man, with his grey locks flowing over his shoulders, as he hung at the foreyard-arm of the Neapolitan frigate. "It is an awful spectacle, (whispered Ned Kentledge, as he bent down to his oar;) and I never believed before that woman's heart could exult in such a scene." Poor Ned was a worthy fellow, he had the next thwart to me; and Sam Spritsail was alongside of him, for we pulled double-banked. Ned was shipmate with Jack G——, that was afterwards first lieutenant of the C—— frigate; indeed, Ned

taught him his duty from first to last, when he warnt much higher than a pint pot—showed him how to hand, reef, and steer—sweep, swab, and swear—coil away a cable, or clear hawser, with any hand aboard; and Ned was as good a seaman as ever raised a mouse upon a stay, or seized a breeching to a ring-bolt. Well, Jack was a smart fellow, and so he got promoted to the quarter-deck; and after a time the Captain got a luff-tackle to bear, and bowsed out a commission for him; but he never forgot his old station, his promotion didn't spoil him, and he always remembered former messmates. When he got to be first lieutenant of the C——, she was a long time in Ingee; but at last they found her in such a rattle-trap state, that she was ordered to take convoy to England; and so she gather'd 'em together at Ceylon, and proceeded to St. Helena; but the storms off the Cape shook her ould timbers, that when they reached the island every body thought she would have gone down; however, they frapped her together with hawsers, and at last reached Plymouth. Well, a morning or two after their arrival, an ould Bum-boat woman comes paddling alongside, puffing and blowing like a gram-pus off Cape Horn. She was a short bulky body, though for the matter o' that she was as round as a tun butt. Alongside she comes, and hails the sentry at the gangway: "Keep off!" (cried the Marine, and then turning to the quarter-master,)—"Zounds! look there, did you ever see such a corporal substance?"—"Aye, aye, (rejoined the veteran,) 'tis a whale adrift in a butter-boat."—Again the old girl hailed, "Is my Jack aboard?" "Your Jack, (replied the Sentry) who the botheration's your Jack?—we are all Jacks here." "No, you arnt, (says she,) for you're a pike; and so please to answer the question I axed you, or else my Jack 'll let you know who's who." "Here, master at arms, (he chuckle-ated the royal), here's a customer for you, she's too sharp for me." "What do you want, old oo-man, (enquired the latter;) do you want any one in this ship?" "Yes, I wants

my Jack, so you let him know I'm here." The captain and nearly the whole of the officers were walking the quarter deck, when the first Lieutenant, hearing a confusion at the gangway, came forward to see what the bobbery was—"What's this noise, here, Sentry; who's that alongside?" "I don't know, Sir; it's some old girl says she wants her Jack." The Lieutenant looked into the boat; but no sooner had he cotched sight of the *little* punchy dame, than the man-ropes slid through his hand, and down he jumped into the cockle-shell—"What, my mother, is it you? (cried he,) I can hardly believe my eyes; they told me you were all dead; this this is indeed a welcome surprise; but come along, old lady, mount-areeveo"—and he helped her up the side with the utmost care and attention. As soon as they had reached the deck, she threw her arms round the Lieutenant's neck, and sobbed with joy. Then she gazed at him with a mother's pride, and again folded him to her heart—"Oh! my Jack, my Jack; now you glad my ould heart, and I shall follow your poor father to the grave in peace." The captain, officers, and men, started with astonishment to see the round *little* personage in her striped cotton jacket, short thick petticoats, and high heeled shoes, hugging their first Lieutenant (dressed in full uniform) round the neck; and many began to laugh, but the working of nature cannot be suppressed; the Lieutenant felt it no disgrace to be born of honest, though poor parents; and the rich feeling of filial love flowed without restraint. That moment was perhaps one of the happiest of his life. He thought only of his mother, and repaid her caresses with interest. The scene was truly affecting. The rising laugh was entirely subdued, and many a furrowed cheek was moistened by a tear. It taught a useful lesson to the young officers, who witnessed the affectionate emotion of the parent and the dutiful conduct of the son. Peace be to their memory. The diamond will sparkle, however roughly set; and if to snatch from oblivion one example worthy of imi-

tation be meritorious—but there, 'tis only my duty, and I arnt much skilled in simper-thetics. The Lieutenant was worthy of his teacher, for never was there a nobler soul than Ned's. He was a great favourite with Nelson (and died in the Victory on the self-same day,) though the hero was more attached to Sykes than any of us, and mayhap he deserved it. Now for Sam Spritsail: Poor Sam was a light-hearted easy-going blade, never without a smile—indeed, they said he was born laughing. Blow high, blow low, 'twas all the same to him; but he didn't stop long in the ship; he was picked out for the long-shore party that was to go bush-fighting with the French. Well, d'ye see, one of the officers of the C——not knowing the cut of his jib, and being unaccustomed to see a man always happy under every privation, took it into his head one day that Sam was ridiculing him, and so he ordered the Boatswain's-mate to give him a starting with a rope's end. This almost broke his heart. 'Twas the first blow he had ever received in a man-of-war; and the deep indignity so preyed upon his mind, as almost to stupify him. A day or two afterwards the party received orders to storm a fort near Capua, and Sam prepared to do his duty; but there was a listless indifference in his manner, that ill accorded with his former spirit. They advanced to the attack and a very smart scrummaging took place; but a fresh body of troops poured in, and the boarding party were compelled to retreat. The Lieutenant (the same as had ordered the punishment) behaved most gallantly, and kept in the wake of his men, while they were retreating. On turning an angle of the battery, the enemy opened upon 'em with a long 24-pounder that did very great execution, and Mr. ——, at the second fire, fell. Sam, in an instant, hove all aback. He saw the officer fall—his daring intrepidity returned—and he rounded to, to pick him up. He did not know who it was at first; but when he looked on his face, resentment for a moment deadened the feelings of generosity and humanity,

so that he returned several paces after his shipmates. The French were close upon them. In a few minutes the wounded man would have been in their power. Again Sam looked round, rushed back to the spot, and, stooping to raise the Lieutenant from the ground, received a mortal wound in the chest, and fell upon him. The last effort of struggling nature roused him up; he sprang upon his feet, lifted the officer in his arms, and ran towards his companions, who faced instantly about, resolving either to succour him or perish. He reached their centre, gently laid his burthen down, faintly uttered "I have done my duty!" and expired. The whole detachment paused for an instant, then came to the charge, drove back their pursuers, and in another half hour the British union waved on the rampart of the fort. Where could there be a death more glorious? I say, Mr. Editor, his memorial shall live in your columns; and if it should meet the eye of any who were present on that day, they will shed a tear of grateful remembrance, and glory in poor Sam. After he left us, his birth was filled up by Jack Junk, a sly old codger, with a comical nose, a half squint with one eye and a whole squint with the other, so that he could see half a dozen ways at once. He was a famous hand to look out for a fleet, and none could beat him at making signals; why he could use two spy-glasses at once. Jack had been shipmate along with Bill C——, him as played Lord H—— the trick with the goose, and that war'nt the only one. At the short peace, Billy (who always messed with the Admiral when at home) axed leave of absence from the house to go and visit some of his family relations that lived down to the northward. Now Lord H——'s moorings was very near Portsmouth; so the old gemman, in the goodness of his heart, granted his request, and gave him a liberty ticket for 59l., and a fine clean-going, neat-rigged bay horse to carry him. Away posts Billy for London, intending to stop only one night, and then haul his wind for Yorkshire; and somehow or other

he fell asleep and forgot it, for not a step did he start from London while a guinea was left. He made all sneer again as long as it lasted, and then away went the bay horse (shoved up the spout, as they call it,) and Billy carried on the war like a Trojan. But his time and his cash nearly expired together; so he takes his place outside the Portsmouth coach, and leaves the bay horse to pay damages. Well, just as they got to Post-down hill he 'lighted, and seeing a grey beast at pasture in a field, he gets a piece of two-inch rope, whips it over the neck, and rode home to his Lordship's stables. "Well, Mr. C——, I hope you found all your friends hearty, eh?" "Quite so, my Lord, quite so." "And how's the bay horse? I hope you have behaved well to him?"

"Yes, my Lord, he's the first of his family ever fared so well; but there's a wonderful fun-nonny-me happened to him. Would you believe it, my Lord, that he took fright at a bunch of turnips that was flung over a hedge, and after running over a chimney-sweep, turned as grey as a badger?" — "Wonderful! cried his Lordship; I must see him immediately;" and off they set for the stables. "Well, I declare this is astonishing, Mr. C——! The creature is indeed grey; but, said his Lordship, adjusting his spectacles — but there is something more surprising yet, Mr. C——; why such a thing was never heard of before! I protest, as I am a living man, the fright has been so great, that it has turned the bay horse into a grey mare!"

AN OLD SAILOR.

LATE VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

THE WONDERS OF ELORA:

OR,

THE NARRATIVE OF A JOURNEY TO THE TEMPLES AND DWELLINGS

Excavated out of a Mountain of Granite, and extending upwards of a mile and a quarter, at Elora, in the East Indies, by the south of Poonu, Ahmed-Nuggur, and Toka, returning by Dowlutabad and Aurungabad, with some general Observations on the People and Country.

BY JOHN B. SEELY,

Captain in the Native Bombay Infantry, &c.

[In a late Number we introduced an engraving from this volume, and some account of the truly wonderful temples of Elora, which do not appear to be surpassed by any productions of art in the world. We now introduce to our readers a series of most curious, valuable, and interesting, extracts from the same modest volume; and, though so extensive, we have regretted that the due notice of other works has not permitted us to render them still more copious. No production of the past winter is more worthy of attention in every sense. It is a voyage of discovery, and the novelties are not only very numerous, but are most ably brought under the eye of the reader.]

BOMBAY.

THE climate of Bombay is preferable to most parts of India, having a refreshing sea-breeze, commonly called, from its healthful effects, *the Doctor*. There is now very little wood on the island, no marshes, and but few large pools of stagnant water. To these causes much of the sickness that prevails in other parts of India must be attributed; and the salubrity of Bombay causes it to be resorted to

by invalids from the other presidencies and the interior.

Nothing can be more delightful than the rides and drives in this island: they extend twenty-one miles, and communicate to the neighbouring island of Salsette by means of a causeway. The prospect is as grand and as beautiful as can be imagined: the mighty range of the G'hâts towering in the clouds and extending as far as the eye can reach,—the bold views on the continent,—the diversified objects on the island,—old ruinous convents and monasteries erected by its former conquerors, the Portuguese,—the noble country-houses of the Europeans,—Hindoo pagodas, Mahometan mosques,—the remains of Marhatta forts and buildings;—these, with the rural appearance of Hindoo villages, where every patch of ground is richly cultivated or ornamented, and interspersed with groves of date and cocoa-nut trees, afford a prospect of luxuriance and beauty to be met with nowhere but in the Concan. As we

turn our eyes towards the sea, we are presented with a fine hard beach, running on to the high and romantic spot called Malabar Point, which promontory is studded with neat villas; while the city and fort are seen in the back-ground, with the ships securely at anchor in the harbour. Nor must we forget the isthmus called Colaba (probably *Cāl-āb* or black water,) running for about two miles in a straight line from Bombay, from which it is separated at high water. On this small island, which scarcely extends a quarter of a mile in breadth, are several good houses, and a range of barracks. At its farthest or western end stands a noble signal or light-house, from the top of which is a very fine view of the island and adjacent country.

Nor is it on land alone that Bombay possesses the advantages of situation. Its harbour, from its great size, smoothness of the water, and for the greater part of the day having a fine sea-breeze blowing, affords almost constant opportunity for aquatic excursions: so open, indeed, and at the same time so secure, is the bay, that for miles, in various directions, the smallest boats may proceed with safety, and, by means of the tide, return at almost a fixed hour. These excursions may be extended seaward, inland, or over to the Mahratta continent, for several miles, embracing in the journey a variety of beautiful, picturesque, and grand scenery. How widely different from the boasted river-parties on the Ganges about Calcutta; where you have a muddy, and often a very dangerous, stream to sail on, with light and hot sultry airs, impregnated with all the poisonous effects of miasma, the wind hardly sufficiently strong to impel the boat; or else tracking, by means of a dozen poor wretches slowly struggling through the low, marshy, and swampy banks of the Ganges, where the eye is unrelieved by the smallest change of scenery, and not a hill is to be seen in any direction; in short, where an uninterrupted view of jungle, flat land, water, and mud presents itself.

At Madras the scene on the water

is widely different from what we see either at Calcutta or Bombay; and a journey on it, whether for amusement or business, is any thing but agreeable; for you are often in danger of your life, and always in dread, in passing to and fro through the tremendously high and long surfs that incessantly roll on the Coromandel shores, and which commence about a mile inside of the roadstead, where ships lie at anchor. There are three surfs; and, after passing over the head of one mountainous roller into the valley of water between them, you cannot for several seconds see either the city in front or the ships in the rear, till you are forced by the impulse of the first on the top of the second roller. On passing over the surf, a stranger's sensations may be imagined, but cannot be described; the oldest mariners do not like the first trip a-shore. Accidents sometimes occur; and for days all communication between the shore and shipping is cut off. When you have arrived on shore, the heat is intolerable, with clouds of hot sand flying about; and, to add to the miseries of Madras, the mosquitoes are the largest and most venomous of any in India; at night they swarm in myriads, nor do they leave a stranger quiet by day. I have both embarked and disembarked at Madras (not from choice) twice: I was wet through the first time, and the people were constantly baling the Massoolah boat; the last time I was in imminent danger, with my family, for several minutes.

One of the greatest comforts in all countries is to have good domestic servants: unquestionably the Parsees at Bombay are very superior to their brethren at Calcutta both in usefulness and fidelity. Those at Calcutta dress well, will only attend to one particular branch of service, nor will any persuasion, or even wages, induce them to use a single exertion beyond a prescribed and very limited duty fixed by themselves. They are very indolent, very debauched in their habits, consequently not to be trusted; and the *Qui hi* menials are mighty consequential fellows. This may be from their education and intolerant principles; for

they are all Mussulmen. A Bombay servant will do as much work, and do it as well, as five Bengal servants. The domestics at Madras are chiefly of a low Hindoo caste : they are a hard-working, willing set of men, but dirty in their habits, and greatly addicted to drinking.

The markets at Bombay are well supplied, and for the most part the articles are all of moderate price. The fish are excellent ; vegetables are abundant and good ; poultry is reared by the Portuguese in great quantities, and sold cheap. The bread is said by strangers to be preferable to that made in any other part of India. As to commerce, revenue, taxes, manufactures, and statistical subjects in general, I have but too imperfect an acquaintance to warrant my introducing them to the notice of my readers.

There was great room for improvement in the government of Bombay, and in the extensive countries dependent upon it. It is well known to be a century behind the other capitals in every thing that has a tendency to make a country flourishing, respectable, and great. It is not for me to investigate or discuss the causes ; I have not the ability, and much less the inclination ; for, being an officer of that establishment, any observation of mine would, perhaps, be deemed injudicious : but all ranks at Bombay, Europeans, as well as natives, rejoice in their present enlightened and able ruler, the late British resident at Poona* ; who, during his long residence in India, filled the highest diplomatic offices with singular success in the most difficult times ; whose energy and judgment are proverbial with all classes of natives, and whose impartiality is acknowledged by all branches of the public service.

ELEPHANTA.

On quitting Butcher's Island, called by the natives *Deva Devi*, or Island of the Gods, not far up the bay stands the celebrated Elephanta Island. It is of considerable elevation, and famous for its caves hewn out of the solid rock from the face of the moun-

tain ; they are considerably injured by time,

Whom stone and brass obey,
Who giv'st to every flying hour
To work some new decay.

These caves are very much injured by the action of the sea-breeze, and from not having drains cut on the top of the mountain, to carry off the rain water ; nor has any care been taken to have trenches made at the foundation ; so that in the periodical rains they are often inundated, and abound with reptiles, particularly snakes. From their vicinity to Bombay, they are frequently visited by parties of pleasure ; and, to preserve them from wilful injury by casual visitors, a wall with a gate has lately been erected in front, and left in charge of an invalid serjeant, with a few invalid Siphauces, to protect them. The old man has a good house adjoining, and has a comfortable sinecure of it, as most visitors do not forget his long stories, and the accommodation for refreshment which his house affords. The view from the caves is very fine, as they are situated about 350 feet above the level of the sea. Here is the famous colossal figure of the Trimurti, Brāhma, Vishnū, and Sivā, the creating, preserving, and destroying, powers of the Hindoo mythology. The cave is large, but by no means equal to the large temple of Karli, or the far-famed ones at Elora.

TRAVELLING.

After a pleasant evening with my friends at Panwell, at daybreak my baggage moved on. As the cavalcade may be new to the English reader, I subjoin a list. Three bullocks to carry a tent, twelve feet square, consisting of inner shell and outer fly, and two walls ; three bullocks for clothes, provisions, books, &c. ; two porters for camp-cot and writing desk ; one ditto for breakfast utensils, &c. ; one tattoo, or pony, for head servant ; two ditto belonging to my servants, of whom I had four with me. There was an escort of six Siphauces and a corporal. Several native travellers accompanied my people for their own security, as the country was sometimes infested with robbers.

In the rainy season with the execra-

* Hon. Mountstuart Elphinstone, well known to the literary world by his "History of Cabool."

ble state of the roads, rivulets, or nullahs, running impetuously, and large rivers without bridges, the miseries of travelling, regulated by a heavy laden ox's pace, are most intolerable. An Englishman, accustomed to the celerity of mail-coaches, the comforts of an inn, a dry skin, fine roads, and a beautiful country, would be almost driven mad. The natives of India never possess much energy of action; and on a heavy monsoon day, when well drenched with rain, they are nearly inanimate: if to this be added journeying in an enemy's country, every blade of grass burnt up, the wells poisoned, the villages destroyed and deserted, and you for security's sake obliged to keep close to your baggage-cattle, that are walking at a rate of not above two miles in the hour, or hardly that, and the rain falling in torrents for days together; I think an English traveller would lament a little his hard fate.

While sojourning after his fatigues on muddy ground, his baggage wet through, and his servants exhausted, the most lonely hedge ale-house in Cornwall would appear to him a palace. If travelling by himself in the fair season, or N. E. monsoon, with "all appliances to boot," it is but a melancholy thing; there being but little on the road to interest or gratify the traveller, excepting in some large city, where the pride and vanity of a great man may have erected a splendid mosque or pagoda, or dug a fine tank, or for defence built a large fort: the intermediate country is the scene of poverty, wretchedness, and oppression. I speak of the countries of the native powers; our provinces present a very different aspect.

DECCAN.

Capooly is a mean, dirty little village, situate at the very base of the great barrier wall of rock that supports the table land of the Deccan, propping up an immense tract of country, some large rivers, several millions of people, and many cities, towns, and villages.

This enormous chain of mountain is securely fastened by iron-bound buttresses of primeval granite, as naked and frightful to look on in some places,

as they are romantic and singular in appearance in others. Above and beyond these mountains we fancy another world, of whose inhabitants we know nothing; how to visit them, how to penetrate their country, or how to scale their inaccessible looking wall, extending for thirteen degrees of latitude, and rising to a height of from four to 5500 feet.

On taking a more leisurely view of the mighty wall before me, while wandering about this most interesting spot, two or three apertures were seen, but the difficulty was how were they to be approached, "whose top to climb is certain falling, or the fear as bad as falling." All my cogitations on the subject were soon put to rest by the arrival of about 250 bullocks, laden with grain for the Bombay market, the drovers soon having eased my doubts with respect to the apparent impossibility of surmounting the barrier.

From the wretched state of the roads, my poor servants did not arrive till past the meridian hour; but one whom I had sent forward over-night had prepared my breakfast; after which, as I often was wont to do after the perspiration produced by walking about the village had subsided, I jumped into a tank, clothes and all, which, without apprehension of danger, I left to dry upon me. It was insufferably hot at this place, situate in an amphi theatre of mountains, the naked face of each burning with heat, and reflecting the rays, while every breeze was excluded. All the heat was concentrated, as it were, in a focus; the thermometer was at 104 in the shade at 2 P. M.

A little before day-break we commenced our formidable undertaking, of what appeared to be nothing less than scaling the mural sides of towering mountains. The road, after going some little distance, becomes very steep, lined with high banks, and interrupted by large stones and fragments of rock. The distance may be altogether six miles, but equal to treble that number in any thing like a good road. Proceeding onward on foot, the path at an abrupt angle overhangs a frightful precipice and valley, covered with an eternal jungle, and where probably the foot

of man never penetrated : here, in the very bottom, peeping out of the deep foliage, gleam the waters of a few meandering streams, which have their sources in unknown parts of the mountains. Beyond this immense hollow are seen the forms of vast mountains, towering away, as far as the eye can reach, in rude and magnificent outline, till they are lost in the clouds, or their continuity only known by their rent clefts and peaks peering through the light-blue veil of mist.

In some parts of the road the passage is guttered by little streams of water, that run gurgling down the precipitous fronts of the rock, affording a pleasing, soothing sound, as we trace our course through these sequestered spots. Not quite half way up, is a small patch of table land, where the traveller is sure to halt and take some refreshment, not more for the purpose of recruiting his strength than regaining his wind ; for, what with clambering, slipping, and proceeding up a very steep ascent, great personal exertion is required.

At this spot, the convoys of bullocks, carrying merchandize to and fro, halt for an extra day and night, if greatly fatigued. In their night encampments they take every precaution against thieves and wild beasts : they select the mural side of an open spot to place their cattle : thus the steep side of the mountain flanks one side, while the bags containing the produce they carry are piled up to some height, and, when placed, form something like the segment of a circle : within are the families, and sometimes cattle. One or two watchmen are stationed on the top, while fires are burning in front. Their dogs (the Brinjare) are a valuable breed, fierce, strong, and watchful—evidently a cross of the wolf and domestic dog. Thus will these carriers travel for 1000 miles with a convoy of as many laden bullocks ; and they are very punctual and honest in their dealings. Without their aid, according to the mode of warfare in India, whole armies would be starved. They always go well armed, and in critical times have escorts. They have paths and routes known only to themselves, which they traverse from one extremity of India to the other.

THE NATIVES.

The Hindoos, in all situations, are a docile, cheerful, good-tempered people : what vicious qualities they do possess are owing to the wretched and arbitrary rule under which they live. It is truly astonishing what arduous and long journeys these poor afflicted people will perform, for a few pence, in the most tempestuous seasons ; swimming large and impetuous rivers, penetrating solitary and unknown routes through immense forests infested by beasts of prey and banditti, exposed to the mid-day sun, and sleeping on the ground nightly, for weeks together—their whole sustenance daily being only two or three handfuls of parched grain, and often bad water to allay their thirst ; yet are these poor wretches always good-humoured, faithful to their employers, and, as husbands and fathers, examples to us.

It is not uncommon to find a labouring Hindoo supporting his wife's relatives and his own parents who are past work, with contentment and cheerfulness. It is true these people are gross idolaters, but they practise many virtues which we Christians lack the observance of. It would strike with wonder a stranger to observe a body of coolies conveying a pipe of wine, a 24-pounder, or an 80-gallon cask of beer up the defile, at the top of which we have just arrived.

THE G'HATS.

Having now said something of the Mahratta country and the Hindoo people, it only remains to offer a few brief remarks on the great range of mountains improperly called G'hâts, and to take a peep at the great excavated temple of Karli (Ekverah). This will occupy us until our arrival at the temples of Elora. In the intervening country there is nothing to gratify the philanthropist, instruct the legislator, or please the philosopher ; no flourishing towns, public institutions, or learned communities ; no splendid buildings, fine bridges, or beautiful gardens ; nothing, in fact, to denote prosperity or happiness. Compared with the British provinces, it may be truly called one wild waste. Wherever the Mahratta comes, the land is cursed. A few

mud-built huts, where the remnants of a scattered people have horded together for mutual protection, are the only signs of civilization that these fertile plains present for one hundred and fifty miles. Worse than the locust or beast of prey, what Mahratta warfare could not utterly destroy, hordes of Bheel and Pindarries were hired and introduced into these countries to effect. But I have done with the sickening tale, afflicting to narrate, and dreadful to view.

The chain of mountains, among which we have now encamped, extends from Cape Comorin, opposite Ceylon, in one unbroken series (with the exception of an opening at Paniany in the Malabar country, of about twelve miles broad), stretching away, in a northern line, to the province of Candeish, and not far distant from Surat. In no part do they exceed fifty miles from the sea, and in one part only do they approach closer than eight miles. There are but few passes known to us; and till men of science investigate this stupendous barrier, we are likely to know but little about them.

The mountains of which we are now speaking, decrease in altitude about thirty miles to the northward of Bombay: to the southward of Poona the passes, I am told, have a northern descent; stretching along to the southward, they separate what is generally called Malabar, supporting the Mysore and Soondah countries in the form of a terrace. With the exception of the opening at Paniany before mentioned, and the few passes formed by the industry of man, or the action of mountain torrents, it is one connected wall for nearly nine hundred miles; this vast belt enclosing the rich country within the Ner-Budha river.

These mountains are said to average from 3000 to 5500 feet in height, prolific in all the wonders and beauties of nature. In the high mountains to the southward much valuable meteorological data might be obtained, for, while below (*Payeen*) it is raining in torrents for three successive months, in the Table-land above (*Bala G'hāt*) it is the fine season. Numerous rivers in-

tersect the low country, which, during the S. W. monsoon, run with astonishing velocity; some few, that have their sources in the mountains, have the whole year a shallow stream.

TEMPLE OF EKVERAH.

I proceeded across the open country to the left, to the mountain of Ekverah; where, at a considerable height above the plain, stands a large temple, hewn out of the solid rock. On the left of a terrace at the end of the footpath, excavated from the bowels of the mountain, stands, in solemn magnificence, the great-arched temple of Karli, with its noble vestibule and entrance, and the sitting figure of Budha. On looking into the temple, an object of wonder presents itself: a ponderous arched roof of solid stone, supported by two rows of pillars; the capitals of each surmounted by a well-sculptured male and female figure, seated, with their arms encircling each other, on the back of elephants, crouching as it were, under the weight they sustain. At the further end of the temple is an immense hemispherical altar, of stone, with a kind of wooden umbrella spread over the top.

There is no idol in front of the great altar, as at Elora: the umbrella covering, before spoken of, rises from a wooden pedestal out of the convexity of the altar. A Brahman, whom I questioned on the subject of the altar, exclaimed, in nearly the words of our own poet, "Him first, Him last, Him midst, Him without end." In alluding to the Almighty, he nearly spoke as above described, placing his hands on this circular solid mass. He rejected all idea of assimilating Budha, or Brāhma, with the "Eternal God;" who, he said, was one alone from beginning to end, and that the circular altar was his emblem.

A concourse of priests and fakeers, supported by the Peishwa, lived here. One of them, an ascetic of high renown, had a singularly mild and serene countenance: he was sitting before a flame of fire day and night, with a cloth over his mouth, to prevent his inhaling pollution, or destroying any living substance: he was regularly fed with parched grain, and

his water for drinking was strained through a cloth.* I addressed him with reverence : he turned up his fine placid countenance, and looked at me with eyes that spoke of heaven. I

* A Brahman at Benares was so cautious of causing the death of any living animal, that before him, as he walked, the place was swept, that he might not destroy any insect : the air was fanned as he ate, for the same purpose. Some mischievous European gave him a microscope, to look at the water he drank. On seeing the animalculæ, he threw down and broke the instrument, and vowed he would not drink water again : he kept his promise, and died.

almost wished at the moment to be a Brāhman. This man appeared the image of self-denial, absorbed in contemplating the wonders of God. Doubtless his ideas and actions were purity itself—such was his character, for he had resisted the most tempting offers to reside at the court of the Peishwa, and nothing could withdraw him from the arched temple and circular altar of Karli. He was too lost in mental abstraction to heed me : he never speaks ; but he was evidently in prayer, as I could see by the working of the muscles of his face.

Concluded in our next.

FRENCH COOKERY.

Of Anthropophagi, and men whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders.—*Othello*.

SIR,

I AM an alderman and button-maker in the city, and I have a taste for sea-coal fires, porter, roast-beef, and the LONDON MAGAZINE. My son Bob, and my daughter Fanny, on the contrary, use to dislike all these good things—the last excepted : and prevailed with me to go and spend a month or two in Paris in the spring of this year. I knew that my son loved me as well as French cookery—and my daughter nearly as well as a French gown : so I unfortunately and affectionately complied with their desire—and have repented it ever since. However, my journey has not been altogether thrown away, as it has reconverted Bob to beef, and as it gives me an opportunity of relating the wonders of French cookery—a matter which in all your articles upon the French you have unaccountably neglected. The French Revolution was no doubt brought about by the national fondness for necks of mutton and men à *Pécarlate* ; and the national hatred to the English is still visible in their attempts to poison them with their dishes :—a consummation not at all to my taste, even with the prospect of being buried in *Père la Chaise*. As for me, I am a plain man, alderman

and button maker, and should prefer being interred in *Aldermanbury*.

It has long been the reproach of the French, and you are among those who have echoed it, that they are not a *poetical* people. But at least their *cooks* are. Must not a cook, Mr. Editor, be inflamed with the double fires of the kitchen and poetry, when he conceives the idea of fountains of love, starry aniseed, capons' wings in the sun, and eggs blushing like Aurora—followed (alas ! what a terrible declension !) by eggs à *la Tripe* ? I consider their beef in scarlet, their sauce in half mourning, and their white virgin beans, as examples of the same warm and culinary fancy.*

Not to say any thing of the vulgar plates of frogs, nettles, and thistles, what genius there is in the conception of a dish of breeches in the royal fashion, with velvet sauce—tendons of veal in a peacock's tail—and a shoulder of mutton in a balloon or a bagpipe ! Sometimes their names are so fanciful as to be totally incomprehensible, especially if you look for them in a dictionary : such as a palace of beef in Cracovia—strawberries of veal—the amorous smiles of a calf—a fleet with tomato sauce—and eggs in a looking-glass.†

* Puits d'amour.—Anis étoile.—Ailes de poularde au Soleil.—Œufs à l'Aurore.—Bœuf à l'ecarlante.—Sauce en petit deuil.—Haricots Vierges.

† Culotte à la Royale, sauce veloute.—Tendons de veau en queue de paon.—Epaule de mouton en ballon, en musette.—Palais de bœuf en Cracovie.—Fraises de veau.—Ris de veau en amourette.—Flotte, sauce Tomate.—Œufs au miroir.

But there are many of their dishes which are monstrous; and in my mind not only prove the French capability of eating poisons but their strong tendency to cannibalism. Great and little asps—fowls done like lizards—hares like serpents—and pigeons like toads or basilisks—are all favourite dishes: as are also a hash of huntsmen, a stew of good Christians, a mouthful of ladies, thin Spanish women, and four beggars on a plate. One of their most famous sauces is *sauce Robert*, which I remember to have read of in Fairy Tales as the sauce with which the Ogres used to eat children. My daughter found one dish on the *carte* which alarmed us all—*Eglefin à la Hollandaise*: and after trying a long time, she remembered it was something like the name of somebody of whom she had taken lessons of memory. I suppose they had taken the poor devil from his name to be a Dutchman, and had accordingly drest him *à la Hollandaise*.*

They like liver of veal done to choke you, and pullets like ivory—so called, I suppose, from their toughness and hardness. Other dishes are, on the contrary, quite shadowy and unsubstantial: such as an embrace of a hare on the spit—partridge's shoe-soles—a dart and a leap of salmon—the breath of a rose—a whole jonquil—or biscuits that would have done honour to the Barmecide's feast.†

The French have a way of serving up their dishes which is as extraordinary as the rest. What should we think of whittings in turbans—smelts in dice boxes—a skate buckled to capers—gooseberries in their shifts, and potatoes in their shirts? Should we not think any Englishman very filthy whose cook should send up cutlets in hair-papers—truffles in ashes

—and squirted seed-cakes?—and whose dinner-bell should announce to us what they call a ding-dong in a daub?‡

The military dispositions of the French are discoverable even in their cookery. They have large and small bullets—carbonadoes innumerable—syrup of grenades—and quails in laurels: and I have often heard dishes called for, which sounded to my ear very like “ramrods for strangling,” and “bayonets for the gendarmes.”§

But I may easily have been mistaken in French words, when I can't understand what they call English ones—some of which seem to have undergone as complete a change by crossing the Channel, as most of our countrywomen. Who could recognize, for example, in *wouelche rabette*, *hochepot*, *panquet*, *minsies paës*, *plomboudine*, or *mache potetesse*, the primal and delightful sounds of Welsh rabbit, hotch-potch, pancake, mincepies, plum-pudding, and mashed potatoes? But the French seem fond of far-fetched dishes: they get their thistles from Spain, and their cabbages from Brussels, and their artichokes from Barbary in Turkish turbans.||

The French boast that their language is the clearest in the world. I should like to know what they mean by a skate fried raw, or big little peaches?*** I can easily comprehend *mouton à la Gasconne*, however; and an *epigramme d'agneau* is as insipid as a French epigram always is.

As I have got a corner of my paper still blank, my son Bob begs me to let him spoil it with a few verses which he says are German to French Cookery. Sir, your very obedient humble servant,

TIMOTHY WALKINSHAW,
Button-maker and Alderman.

Aldermanbury.

* Grand et petit Aspic.—Poulet en lézard.—Lievre en serpent.—Pigeon à la Crapaudine, en basilic.—Salmi de chasseurs.—Compota de bons Chrétiens.—Bouchée de Dames.—Espagnoles maigres.—Quatre mendiants.

† Veau à l'étouffade.—Poulets à l'ivoire.—Accolade de lievre à la broche.—Semelles de Perdrix.—Une darde et un sauté de Saumon.—Soufflé de rose.—Une jonquille entière.—Biscuits manques.

‡ Merlans en turban.—Eperlans en Cornets.—Raie bouclée aux capres.—Groseilles et pommes de terre en chemise.—Cotelettes en papillotes.—Truffes à la cendre.—Massepains sringues.—Dindon en daube.

§ Gros et petits boulets.—Carbonades de mouton, &c.—Sirop de grenades.—Cailles aux lauriers. In the last two names our worthy Correspondent probably alludes to Ramereaux à l'étouffade, and Beignets à la gendarmerie.

|| Cardons d'Espagne.—Choux de Bruxelles.—Artichauts de Barbarie en bonnet de Turc.

*** Raie frite à cru.—Pêches grosses-mignonnes.

LE CUISINIER FRANÇAIS *versus* DR. KITCHINER.

1.
It has often been printed in *Blacks*,
And I'm going to say it once more,
That the French are a nation of cooks—
Though I never believed it before.
But now I can make it quite clear—
For who but the devil's own legion
Would stew down a *virgin*, as here,
And broil out a good *Christian's* religion?*

2.
They say that John Bull o'er his beef
And his beer is a terrible glutton:
Does he eat *toads* and *asps*, or the *leaf*
Or the *roots* of an oak with his mutton?
Do *serpents* or *basilisks* crawl
From his kitchen to lie on his table?
Or *lizards* or *cats* does he call
By all the lost nicknames of Babel?†

3.
We like our *Beef-eaters* in scarlet,
Not our *beef*—nor the *sauce* in *half-mourning*:
We don't eat a *Fanny* or *Charlotte*,
Nor a *mouthful* of *ladies* each morning—

(This it shocks all my senses to utter,
Yet with Holy Writ truths you may rank it :)
And they eat a *Ray* fried in *black butter*,
And can make a meal on a *fowl blanket*.‡

4.
If we don't like our *beef* in *balloons*,
Or a *shoulder* of *lamb* in a *bagpipe*;
Sweet *wolves' teeth*, or *twin macaroons*,
Or *truffles* which they with a *rag wipe*:
If we don't look for *eggs* of *Aurora*,
Nor *sheeps' tails* prepared in the sun;
And prefer a *boil'd cod* far before a
Tough *skate* which is *only half done*:§

5.
If we don't want our *veal* done to *choke us*,
Nor *ivory fowls* on our dish:
If *gendarmes* in all shapes should provoke us,
And we like *Harvey's* sauce with our fish:
If mutton and airs a *la Gasconne*
Don't agree with the stomachs at all
Of Englishmen—O need I ask one?—
Let us cut *Monsieur Very's*, and *Gaul*.||

VARIETIES.

DR. FORDYCE.

The celebrated anatomist and chemical lecturer, Dr. George Fordyce, dined every day for more than twenty years at Dolly's chop-house. His researches in comparative anatomy had led him to conclude, that man, through custom, eats oftener than nature requires, one meal a day being sufficient for that noble animal the lion. At four o'clock, his accustomed hour of dining, the Doctor regularly took the seat at a table always reserved for him, on which were placed a silver tankard full of small ale, a bottle of port wine, and a measure containing a quarter of a pint of brandy. The moment the waiter announced him, the cook put a pound and a half of rump steak on the gridiron, and on the table some delicate trifle, as a *bonne bouche*, to serve until the steak was ready. This was sometimes half a broiled chicken, sometimes a plate of fish; when he had eaten this, he took one glass of brandy, and then proceeded to devour his steak. We say devour, because he always eat so rapidly, that one might have imagined he was hurrying away to a patient to deprive death of a dinner. When he had finished his meal, he took the remainder of his brandy, having, during his dinner, drunk the tankard of ale, and afterwards the bottle of port! He thus daily spent an hour and a half of his time, and then returned to his house in Essex-street, to give his six o'clock Lecture on Chemistry. He made no other meal until his return next day, at 4 o'clock, to Dolly's.

HIGHWAYWOMEN!

About 11 o'clock on Thursday se'night, as Mr. William Ratcliffe, a traveller from Wolverhampton, was returning to the inn, he was attacked, in Back Piccadilly, by a number of females, who, pinioning him against the wall, tore open his waistcoat, and after a rude search into the secret recesses of his wardrobe, succeeded in pilaging him of cash to the amount of 100l.

SMOKING TOBACCO.

This is proved to be such a *real* enjoyment, that a confirmed smoker shall be blind-folded after taking three whiffs; and let him keep his fingers from the bowl, or heated part of the pipe, puff away for ten minutes, and he shall not know whether his pipe is a-light or otherwise!—*Economist*.

A law student calling one day on a painter, found him engaged in copying a Raphael. "Upon my soul," says Quitam, "but I like you amazingly, as far as you have gone." "Do you, indeed, my boy," replied the Artist; "well, you're a young lawyer, and may be a Judge?"

"George," said the King to Colman, "you are growing old."—"Perhaps so," was the reply, "but I am a year younger than your majesty."

"A year younger, George! how do you know that?"

"First, by the almanack, please your majesty;—and, secondly, because my innate loyalty is such, that I should not presume to walk into the world before my king."

* Bob calls cooks "the devil's own legion," from the well-known fact of their being sent from even a hotter place than they occupy upon earth. He alludes in the last part of the verse to the kind of bean called *vierge*, which the French stew, and to the *bon Chretien* grille.

† Pigeons a la *crapaudine*.—Aspic de veau.—Feuilletage.—Tendons de mouton aux racines.—Lievre en serpent.—Pigeon en basilic.—Poulet en lézard.—Civet de lievre.

‡ Bœuf a l'ecarlata.—Sauce en petit deuil.—Fanchonnettes.—Charlotte de pommes.—Bouchee de Dames, a kind of cake.—Raie au beuerre noir.—Blanquette de volaille.

§ Bœuf en ballon.—Epaule d'agneau en musette.—Dents de loup, a sort of biscuit.—Macarons jumeaux.—Truffles a la Serviette.—Œufs a l'Aurore.—Queues de mouton au Soleil.—Raie frite a cru.

|| Veau a l'etouffade.—Poulets a l'ivoire.—Noix de veau a la gendarme.—Mouton a la Gasconne.

THE RULING PASSION.

At Margate, Mrs. B. a very lovely woman, fainted in the ball-room. When her attendants were rubbing her temples with Hungary water, she begged them to desist, as it would make her hair grey.

MESSIEURS SMITHS.

Every body knows that Smith is a very common name, but hardly any body would have thought of turning its commonness to account in such a queer and cruel way as a "gentleman" did, the other night, at one of the theatres. Entering the pit at half price, and finding every seat occupied, he bawled out—"Mr. Smith's house is on fire!" In an instant, upwards of twenty Mr. Smiths rushed out of the pit, and the wicked wag, chuckling at the success of his stratagem, coolly took possession of one of their vacated seats.

When Lord Stormont lost his diamond insignia of the Order of St. Andrew at St. James's, George Selwyn ran piping hot with the news to the Cocoa-tree, when Foote, who was there, instantly exclaimed, "then it's the first time that a Scotchman was ever known to lose any thing at Court!"

The Drama.

DER FREYSCHÜTZ; OR, THE SEVENTH BULLET.

THIS piece which, on account of its magic, and its magic music, has been completely turning all the half-turned heads of Germany—has at length met with an English manager bold enough to hazard the dangerous expense and risk of producing it in England; and a company brave and potent enough to do its mysteries and its music ample justice. The original drama, which is, to judge by the English copy, but lonely and injudiciously put together, is founded on one of the traditional tales of Germany, which has long been listened to in that country, and valued for its decided horror. This tale has been admirably translated by a very able writer of the present day, and may be read by those, who love to *dram* with horror, in a work called "Popular Tales and Romances of the Northern Nations." It will be seen that the plot of the drama, which is pretty closely adhered to we understand on the English stage, varies materially from the story.—Indeed no audience would endure to have a lover shoot his mistress to serve the devil, as is the case in the tale. How great are the Germans at Satanic writing! The devil is their Apollo!

The piece has been produced by Mr. Arnold with no limit to care or expense:—in truth we did not, and could not believe it possible, until we saw with our own eyes, that a small summer theatre could afford us such a scene of devilry and witchery as the one now effected nightly. The diminutive stage, like Kean in one of his happiest nights, seems to expand with the spirit of the scene, until there appears no limit to

its space and wonders. The scenery itself is not, we believe, new—but it is peopled with goblins and creeping things, numerous enough, we should suppose, to fill the great desert!—The principal scene is where the huntsman Caspar casts the magic balls for his rifle,—balls which go unerringly to the mark; and as the charming goes on, the birds and evil things swarm thicker and faster, until at the seventh bullet, the stage is one mass of fire and wing and reptile!—Perhaps a slight sketch of the story may not be uninteresting:—

Kimo, an old huntsman, lives in the forest with his wife and daughter, on a farm which he holds as a tried marksman. He resolves that his daughter Agnes shall marry a good shot, as the farm will only be kept in the family by such a prudent match. The girl is attached to Rodolph, a forest youth, who is all the father can desire:—she is beloved, however, by a huntsman, named Caspar, who has made a compact with an evil spirit, and uses magic balls. Rodolph, at the opening of the drama, is under the malignant influence of a charm, which frustrates all his sports, and turns aside every bullet he fires. The trial day is at hand, on which occasion his skill, as a shot, is to be proved—and on his success depends his union with Agnes. Caspar, who is jealous of his fortune with the girl, hints that he might secure her if he would have recourse to the magic balls—and the hope of securing his love leads him to promise a meeting with Caspar at the glen, at night. Rodolph frames an excuse to his love as the hour approaches, and, in spite of mysterious warnings, keeps his fatal promise. Caspar, in the meantime, whose days are numbered, offers to Zamiel, the evil spirit, a fresh victim if he may be spared a three year's longer existence. The bargain is made: in a magic circle the seven bullets are cast, by the owl's shriek and to unearthly light!—

Six shall go true!

And the seventh askew!

Six shall achieve,

And the seventh deceive!

The trial day comes, and the six sure bullets have been expended—the seventh, which the spirit is to direct, Caspar trusts will kill the bride, Agnes; but the spirit directs it on Caspar himself—and the desolator is laid desolate!—The piece concludes with the wedding of the young hunter and his Agnes!

Such is briefly the plot of the Drama; of course the German story has not half so happy a conclusion. The Bride is killed by the bullet, the last of sixty and three, and the Hunter goes mad in the forest. The Spirit is managed with great effect in the piece, and his appearance amid the clashing branches at the casting of the seventh bullet is awful. It is almost worthy of that fine gloomy description of the flight of Zamiel, in the original story, after he has secured his victim, which we can-

not resist giving in the translator's own words.—“The black horseman turned away his horse, and said with a gloomy solemnity—‘Thou dost know me! The very hair of thy head, which stands on end, confesses for thee that thou dost! I am He whom at this moment thou namest in thy heart with horror!—So saying, he vanished, followed by the dreary sound of withered leaves, and the echo of blasted boughs falling from the trees beneath which he had stood!’”

All persons concerned in the bringing forward of this wondrous drama appear to have been inspired with an anxiety to do their parts to the utmost. The little bog-toads crawl about, as if they themselves were terrified at the scene. Braham, as Rodolph, not only sang better than ever on the first night, but acted with a feeling which we never before detected in him. But the effect of the music was upon him, and he was, in truth, under the influence of a charm. He performed and gave a *Grand Scena*, which seemed to roll around the air like thunder. Mr. E. P. Cooke was Zamiel. He is by far the best bad spirit that ever stalked the earth—he is so good, that we only wish he may be able to give up the part when he pleases.

It remains but to speak of the music, which, of its kind, is really beyond all ordinary praise and conception. Some of the critics have said it is not so sweet or so good as Mozart's:—Pshaw! it was never intended to be sweet! it is appalling, terrific, sublime! It giveth not “Airs from Heaven,” but, “Blasts from Hell.” From the Overture to the very last note, the composer, Weber, seems to have called upon Zamiel, and to have offered up to him notes which would go into his very soul! There is a depth, a wildness, which frights the mind while it charms the ear; and we will confidently say that no music, not even Mozart's, was ever heard with such breathless attention and earnestness as this extraordinary production of Weber. It is a great work!

WINE DRINKING.

A Gentleman of somewhat pious turn of mind having undertook to reform a younger brother, who from a water-drinker had become inordinately attached to the bottle, would frequently with a view of giving more effect to his lectures, quote texts of Scripture in which the sin of wine-bibbing is denounced. The brother having exhausted every ingenuity in defence of his favourite habit, referred his Bible-searching monitor to the 5th chap. 1st book of Timothy, 23rd verse, which reads thus:—“Drink no longer water, but use a little wine, for thy stomach's sake and thy often infirmities.”—Thus intrenched, he deemed himself invulnerable; but it is plain that the Apostle limits the portion to a very small quantity, and that his advice is confined to a particular case and to the “often infirmities” of the sufferer. In a word, that the wine was to be taken occasionally as a medicine.

A WINDFALL.

A house having fallen down one day during a heavy gale of wind, a wit most provokingly congratulated the owner on his windfall.

COPPER UTENSILS.

A source of danger from the use of culinary vessels of copper, has recently been discovered by Sir H. Davy, viz. that weak solutions of common salt, such as are daily made by adding a little salt to boiling vegetables and other eatables in our kitchens, act strongly upon copper, although strong ones do not affect it.

The following affords no mean specimen of genuine wit among the lower order of the Irish. A brewer in Dublin, a man possessing capital, and at the head of an extensive business, and moreover a consummate dandy, passing one day along the street was espied by a dirty, ragged Patter, who knowing the person and circumstances of the brewer, remarked to his companion in rags, “Sure, an' don't the small beer carry a fine head now?”

A woman in Switzerland having refused to her husband the taking of some of her personal property in order to go to America, he assassinated her, and set fire to a village by which 25 houses were destroyed.

ROASTING A BARRISTER.

On Saturday, Mr. French, the barrister, laid a complaint against certain debtors in Whitecross-street prison. The Learned Gentleman having been arrested, and conveyed thither, was surrounded on his entrance by about twenty persons, who demanded the usual fee of 14s. The Learned Gentleman resisted it, but was instantly carried into the ward-room before the President of the Ward. Mr. French proceeded to state, that when he was brought into the ward-room, the person in the chair, with great gravity, commanded strangers to withdraw, and said to him, “I understand you refuse to pay your fees. Before we proceed against you, you shall hear the regulations read.” What was called the first regulation was then read. It declared that any person brought into the ward should, within 48 hours, pay 14s. On hearing this, he (Mr. French) observed, that there was justice even among pirates; he was not 48 hours amongst them, and why should they compel him to pay before the time? The Judge Advocate seemed staggered, and a pause ensued; but a voice soon cried out that he was a lawyer; it was a legal quirk, and would not do. This was re-echoed by the whole assembly, and the Judge Advocate told him it was decided to be a legal objection merely, and he must pay without delay. He was all this time under apprehension of personal violence, to prevent which, he offered the money they demanded, at the same time declaring it was extorted from him. They refused to take it in this way, and brought him close to a large fire, and compelled him to sit

there, though he told them he was ill, and must be roasted or baked in a short time, if kept in that situation. When he had been there about a quarter of an hour suffering torture, a turnkey came for him, but they refused to allow him to leave the room till the turnkey undertook to bring him back. On leaving the room he procured his release, and he thought it necessary to call for punishment on the persons by whom he had been so ill-treated, in the expectation that it might prevent the recurrence of similar outrages.—Mr. Alderman Ansley, who was in the Justice-room, went to the prison, for the purpose of Mr. French's identifying the persons who had been active in committing the violence.—All the inmates of the ward were mustered, but Mr. French could not identify more than one, as being a party to the proceeding, and against him Alderman Ansley granted a warrant.

PRESERVATION OF FISH, &c.

For ensuring the sweetness of fish conveyed by land-carriage, the belly of the fish should be opened, and the internal parts sprinkled with powdered charcoal.—The same material will restore impure or even putrescent water to a state of perfect freshness. The inhabitants of Cadiz, who are necessitated to keep in tanks the water for culinary uses, were first indebted to our informant, during the late Peninsula war, for the foregoing simple yet efficacious remedy of an evil which they had long endured.

"The theatre at Sydney appears to be in a very flourishing state," said a gentleman to *John Kemble*, speaking of the Botany Bay theatricals. "Yes," replied the tragedian, "the performers ought to be all good, for they have been selected and sent to that situation by very excellent Judges."

Quin thought angling a very barbarous diversion; and on being asked why, gave this reason: "Suppose some superior being should bait a hook with venison, and go a *Quinning*, I should certainly bite, and what a sight and a sufferer should I be dangling in the air!"

RELIGIOUS FANATICISM.

On Saturday week, an inquest was held at Hurst, Ashton-under-line, on the body of *Daniel Grimshaw*, a child of fourteen days old, who died on the Thursday previous, in consequence of having been circumcised.—It appears that the followers of Joanna Southcott, who are still very numerous in and near Ashton-under-line, have adopted the strange notion that they are bound to comply with the injunctions of the Mosai-cal law, respecting the rite of circumcision. All, or nearly all, the male believers in that neighbourhood, have consequently submitted to the operation, and have had it performed on their children, on the eighth day after birth.—The case excited a very intense interest; and there was a great crowd collected about the house. The Coroner said, that as the case was one of complete

novelty, before calling for their verdict, he should write to Mr. Raincock, the barrister, and take his opinion on the subject. To give time to do this, he should adjourn the inquest.—The inquest was then adjourned.—On Friday the Jury re-assembled, when the Coroner read an opinion from Mr. Raincock. It was, that if any person chose to perform such an operation as circumcision, unless it was surgically necessary, they must take the consequences upon themselves; and if death should ensue from their unskillfulness, they would, in his judgment, be guilty of manslaughter. The learned gentleman added, that there would perhaps be an exception in the case of Jews, who were expressly enjoined by their law to perform the rite: but as it was no part of the ordinances of the Christian religion, no Christian would be justified in performing it.—The Jury deliberated for a short time, and then returned a verdict of "Manslaughter" against Henry Lees.—Mr. Lees was in custody, and will, of course, be committed to take his trial for the offence.

THE TRIBUTE MONEY.

A *chef d'œuvre* painted by Rafaele, the subject *The Tribute Money*, was picked up the other day, at a broker's shop, for a few shillings. The present proprietor has the modesty to ask for it £10,000.

The total of copies distributed by the *British Bible Society*, from its institution, amounts to 3,875,474; to this may be added about 2,000,000 by the auxiliary societies, distributed over all points of the globe. An entire Bible in the Chinese language, being the first attempt of the kind, is now completed.

The *Edinburgh Star*, mentions that an old man, in the village of Branent having a diseased foot, it was decided by his medical attendants to amputate his leg, and they went the next day to perform the operation, when, to their utter astonishment, they found the leg already amputated and dressed by his *beloved helpmate*, who vowed she would allow no one to put a knife into her dear *Cherry* (the name her husband goes by) except herself: what is still more extraordinary, the man was doing wonderfully well.

The Duke of Sussex has the most stupendous collection of Theological Works extant—between 60 and 70,000 volumes. Among which there are upwards of 140 editions of the Bible, and it is reported his Royal Highness means to bequeath the entire collection to one of the Universities.

The population of *Hamburgh* is estimated at 300,000; above 1,000 English now reside there. Mr. M'Adam's system of road-making is already introduced there.

Miss Farren, now Countess of Derby, Miss Brunton, now Countess of Craven, and Miss Bolton, now lady Thurlow, by their distinguished marriages, and exemplary lives, give indisputable testimony of the

improved moral character of the British Stage since the days of King Charles II.

THE LADY OF THE LAKE.

A reverend gentleman, named Hammersley, residing on the borders of one of the beautiful Cumberland Lakes, was awoke a few nights since by a violent knocking at the street door. Alarmed by the arrival of a visiter so unexpected at such an hour, the reverend gentleman himself went to the door, where he found a rustic, who apologized for his intrusion, by telling him that an apparently young lady was sailing in a small boat on the lake, totally unaccompanied, and that he considered from so unusual a circumstance, that the poor lady was not right in her mind. The reverend gentleman, with great humanity, immediately put his own little wherry in requisition, and proceeded in search of the mysterious object. The night being moonlight he soon espied her under the lee of a neighbouring island, when, as he neared her, he distinctly heard the wild notes of a favourite mountain air, which she, apparently heedlessly, was chaunting. On getting nearer to her, he soon discovered, from her disordered dress, that the peasant was right in his surmises. He approached her with the greatest good-nature, and attempted to get from her an explanation of her mysterious appearance in such a situation, at such an hour; but she replied to his interrogatories with the archness and evasion often peculiar to persons of deranged intellect. With considerable difficulty the divine prevailed on her to accompany him to his home, where she was kindly received by his wife, and every attention paid her which her melancholy situation and the dictates of humanity prescribed.—The following day her friends came into the village in search of her, and she was restored to them amidst tears of joy and gratitude. It appears that her husband was a naval officer, who fell in battle at the storming of Algiers under Lord Exmouth, and that he was peculiarly attached to the little island near which she had been discovered, and where she often accompanied him during his lifetime on parties of pleasure. She was under the care of friends, but had in the dead of night contrived to elude their pursuit, and to get to the still much cherished spot.

LORD COCHRANE.

When Lord Cochrane was deprived of his rank in the British Navy, despoiled of his honours, his knighthood, banners of the Bath, &c. kicked out of Henry VII's chapel, after the memorable verdict and sentence following the Stock Exchange persecution, his Lordship, among other things, was required to give up the medallion, &c. of the Order of the Bath, possessed by him as one of the Knights. This he declared he never would do, except into the King's own hands. Those honours had resulted from Royal favour, and the King only should personally take from him such customary peculiarities of the Order as were in his power. The

medal he accordingly kept; but it is now understood he has, by the recent arrivals from South America, returned the medal, with a letter addressed to the King, to be forwarded to his Majesty.—Lady Cochrane is now in this country, and Lord Cochrane is positively coming home; and it is inferred, from his Lordship having so sent the medal, as well as from the speech made by Sir J. Mackintosh in the House of Commons as to the propriety of restoring him, that Lord Cochrane has some expectation, in the event of his returning to England, that he would be restored to his rank in the British Navy. Lord Cochrane certainly returns home, and it is added that he feels so little indebted to "politics," as not to be likely to mingle in party-feuds hereafter. The composition of the letter accompanying the medal is spoken of in the highest terms.

Frederick North, some short time since, on his return from the opera, found the house of his next neighbour but one on fire, and hastened to volunteer his exertions to extinguish it. In order to do this more efficiently, he got on the roof of his own house, and crossed over to that of the house in danger. Here he mistook a window in the roof for leads, and, unluckily, stepped on it; of course he broke through, and came down through the entire house, tumbling down the welled staircase. He received some fractures, and was taken up senseless. It was a long time before he recovered. When he did, he had totally forgotten every thing connected with the accident. He remembered going to the opera, and returning from it; but the fire, and the fall, had totally been obliterated from his brain. Those about him informed him of all these things, and added among the rest, that the gentleman, in whose house he was hurt, had been unremitting in his visits to inquire about him. "Aye," said North, "he was returning my call; for, you know, I *dropped* in on him the other night."

Mr. Campbell has a new poem in the press, entitled "Theodoric," together with a collection of his minor pieces.

Our readers will be pleased to hear that a Second Series of the masterly Sketches entitled "Sayings and Doings," is nearly ready for publication.

A Second Series of the popular Tales entitled "Highways and By-ways," is in a forward state.

Amongst all the inventions of human wit, there is none more admirable than writing; by means whereof a man may copy out his very thoughts, utter his mind without opening his mouth, and signify his pleasure at a thousand mile's distance, and this by the help of twenty-four letters. The several ways of combining these letters amount, as Clarius the Jesuit has taken the pains to compute, to 4,852,616,738,497,664,000 ways.